

VOL. 8 NO. 2  
MAY 1948

# Shadow

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

COMICS

10¢



Decay, Vermin and Murder  
in the **BAYOU**  
Even there THE SHADOW proves that  
**CRIME DOES NOT PAY!**



**"Most boys would prefer  
stealing second base to  
stealing from a fruit stand"**



**Office of the Attorney General  
Washington, D.C.**

September 4, 1947

Mr. William J. de Grouchy, Editor  
True Sport Magazine  
42nd Street and Lexington Avenue  
New York City 17, New York

My dear Mr. de Grouchy:

Opportunity for wholesome recreation should be provided for all youth everywhere, especially in the heavily populated and neglected areas of living. It is being increasingly recognized that recreation is one of the effective instruments in the prevention and treatment of delinquency. Participation in clean sports gives an opportunity for youth to learn some vital lessons in citizenship, to grow in mutual respect and understanding, to acquire self-control, to develop cooperative attitudes, and to learn the principles of honesty, fair play and good sportsmanship.

Good sports activities help in combatting the influences that interfere with the normal, wholesome life of youth. They help to save boys and girls who are already in trouble, and to prevent others from taking their first stumbling steps toward delinquency.

Most boys would prefer stealing second base to stealing from a fruit stand. They would rather throw a forward pass than heave a brick through a church window. Fill a youngster's leisure time with decent amusement, and there will be little room left for acts that lead into delinquency and crime. The character of the adult is in part shaped by the recreational activities of youth. Enlistment of youth into the realm of sports is, indeed, a most worthwhile endeavor, and a real contribution to potent American citizenship.

Sincerely,

*Tom Clark*  
Attorney General



**TRUE SPORT PICTORIAL**

# THE SHADOW

## TERROR IN THE

# BAYOU

ADAPTED FROM A SHADOW RADIO PROGRAM

REALLY, LAMONT, IF THIS ISN'T THE MOST **DEPRESSING** LANDSCAPE...DID WE HAVE TO COME SO **DEEP** INTO THE **DEEP SOUTH**?!

NOW MARGOT!

COLONEL HOUSTON IS AN OLD FRIEND OF MY FATHER'S AND I JUST COULDN'T LEAVE WITHOUT SEEING HIM!!

UGH!!

EVERYTHING IS SO **DEAD** AND **DESO-LATE**....EVEN THE VILLAGE IS HALF **DE-SERTE**D...AND THIS **DAY**!!

YOU GET USED TO THAT AROUND HERE...**LOOK**...THERE'S THE HOUSTON MANSION!!

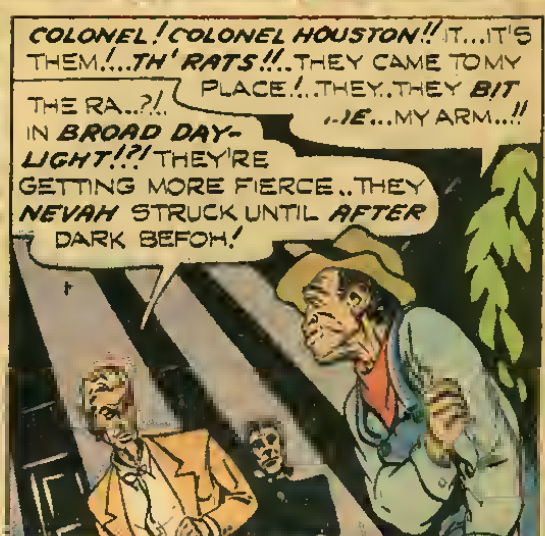
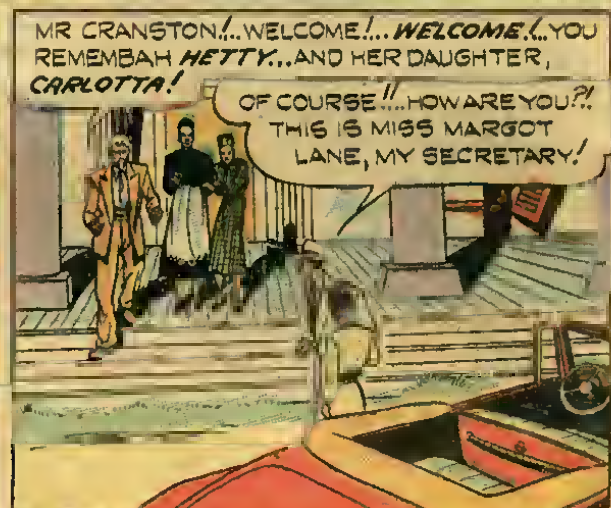
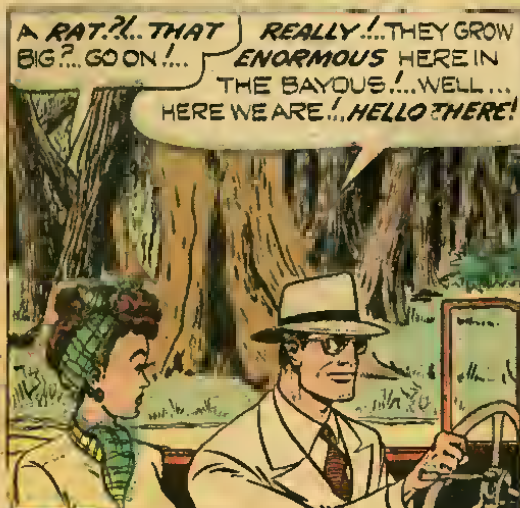
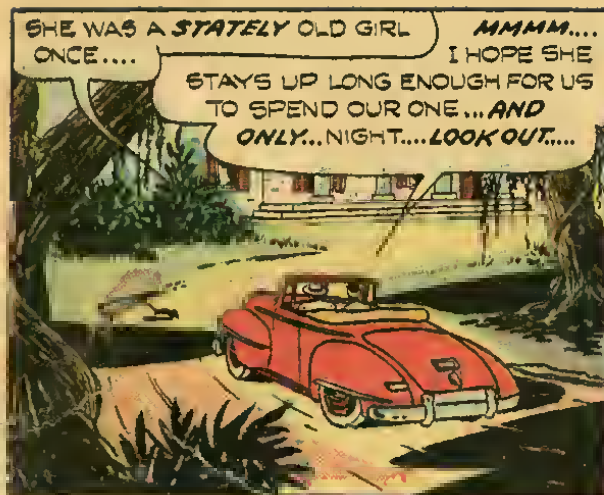
IT...IT LOOKS LIKE THE WHITE FACE OF **TOOTHLESS** OLD HAG...GRINNING AT US!!



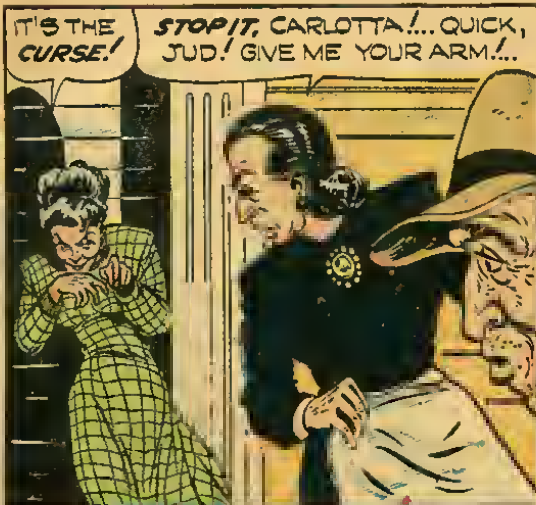
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\*BAYOU\* THE STORY YOU ARE NOW READING, AND \*CURSE of the CAT\* (SHADOW, APRIL 1948) ARE TWO PRIZE STORIES ADAPTED FROM SHADOW RADIO PROGRAMS.



IT'S THE CURSE!

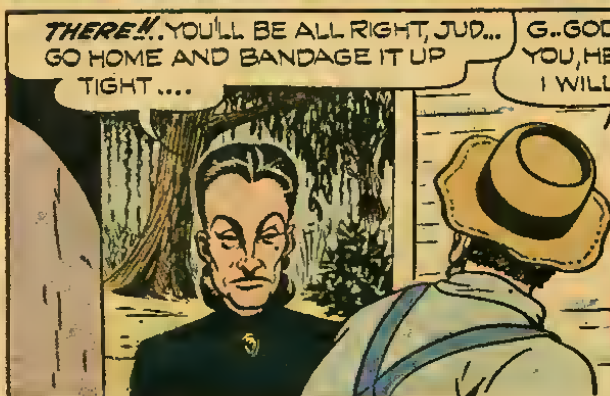
STOP IT, CARLOTTA!... QUICK, JUD! GIVE ME YOUR ARM!...



NO!... NO, MAMA!! YOU'LL GET POISONED TOO IF YOU SUCK IT OUTA HIS ARM!... DON'T... NO!!

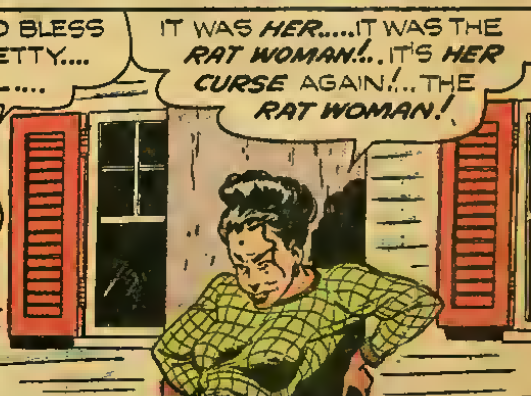
LET ME GO! I'VE GOT TO... IT'S THE ONLY WAY!!

UGH!!



THERE!! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT, JUD... GO HOME AND BANDAGE IT UP TIGHT...

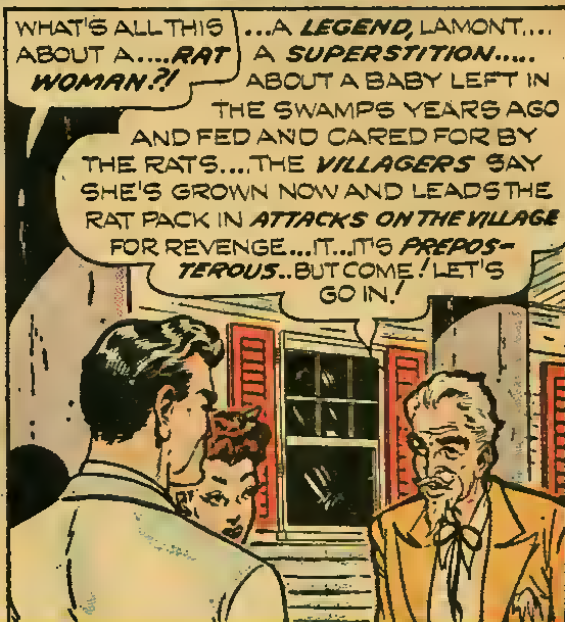
G... GOD BLESS YOU, HETTY... I WILL...



IT WAS HER.....IT WAS THE RAT WOMAN!... IT'S HER CURSE AGAIN!... THE RAT WOMAN!



CARLOTTA!!... I TOLD YOU NEVER TO SAY THAT NAME!!... GO TO YOUR ROOM!... YOU'RE NOT WELL!!... CARLOTTA!!... DO AS I SAY!! YOU... COME.. WITH.. ME!!



WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT A....RAT WOMAN? ...A LEGEND, LAMONT... A SUPERSTITION.... ABOUT A BABY LEFT IN THE SWAMPS YEARS AGO AND FED AND CARED FOR BY THE RATS... THE VILLAGERS SAY SHE'S GROWN NOW AND LEADS THE RAT PACK IN ATTACKS ON THE VILLAGE FOR REVENGE... IT... IT'S PREPOSTEROUS... BUT COME! LET'S GO IN!

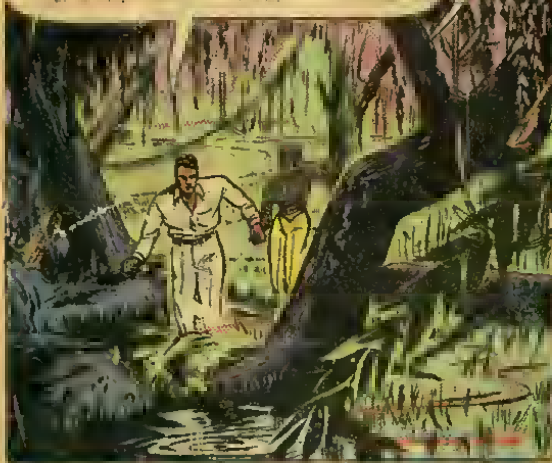
DO YOU WANT TO SEE THEM IN ADDITION TO HEARING THEM ON THE RADIO? IF SO, LET US KNOW BY POSTCARD AND WE WILL CONTINUE TO FEATURE THEM.

....THE EDITOR



TWO HOURS LATER... G..GOSH, LAMONT, MY ROOM'S BAD ENOUGH AND NOW YOU DRAG ME OUT INTO THIS SWAMP!!

SOMETHING'S SCARED CARLOTTA HALF OUT OF HER WITS...AND I THINK THE ANSWER MAYBE OUT HERE...



OH!!

CAREFUL!! THESE BOGS ARE TREACHEROUS...LISTEN!... THOSE ANIMAL SOUNDS...



IT'S...IT'S WEIRD LIKE ANOTHER WORLD... PREHISTORIC... YOU COULD ALMOST BELIEVE IN A... RAT WOMAN OUT HERE. ALONE...IT...EEEK!! LOOK!



GO!... GET OUT OF THIS SWAMP!



THERE'S NOTHING HERE FOR YOU!! GO! YOU WILL FIND ONLY DEATH AND TERROR IN THIS BAYOU!! NO!...DON'T TURN ON THE LIGHT, YOU'LL FRIGHTEN THEM...THE RATS...T...THEY'D TEAR YOU TO PIECES!..



WHO...?? HETTY?..

YES..IT'S HETTY!..I SAW YOU COME HERE... I CAME TO WARN YOU ... THE CURSE... THE RAT WOMAN... IT'S ALL TRUE...GO AND LET THE SECRETS BURIED IN THE MIRE LIE AT REST!...GO! BEFORE YOU ARE DOOMED.... GO!





SOME MINUTES LATER IN MARGOT'S ROOM....

YOU... YOU'RE  
GOING OUT  
AGAIN!?

YOU HEARD WHAT HETTY  
SAID... SOMETHING... OUT  
THERE... SOMEWHERE...  
**I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT...**



LAMONT... **NO!...**  
**PLEASE!**

LOCK YOUR DOOR... DON'T  
LEAVE THIS ROOM... HERE....  
I'LL LEAVE THIS REVOLVER....  
**REMEMBER! STAY IN THIS  
ROOM!... I'LL BE BACK  
BEFORE MORNING!**



WHY DOES HE LEAVE ME... I... I'M **SCARED...**  
THE LOCK'S BROKEN... PUT THIS CHAIR  
UNDER THE KNOB... I... **UH?! WHAT?!**  
THAT **SCRATCHING...** OUTSIDE THE  
DOOR.....



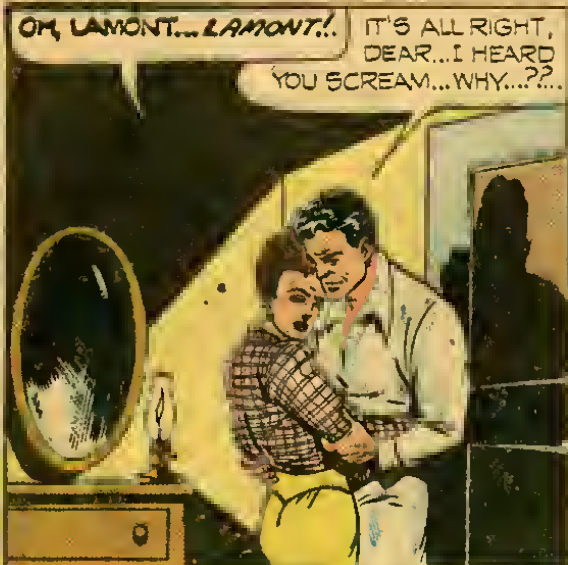
I... IT'S... THEM... **THE RATS!** THEY'RE  
COMING AFTER **ME!**... **NO!...** THEY'RE  
GNAWING THROUGH THE DOOR!... **NO!**  
**NO!... EEEEOOW!! HELP!!**  
**HELP!!**



**SCREEECCCCCHH!**

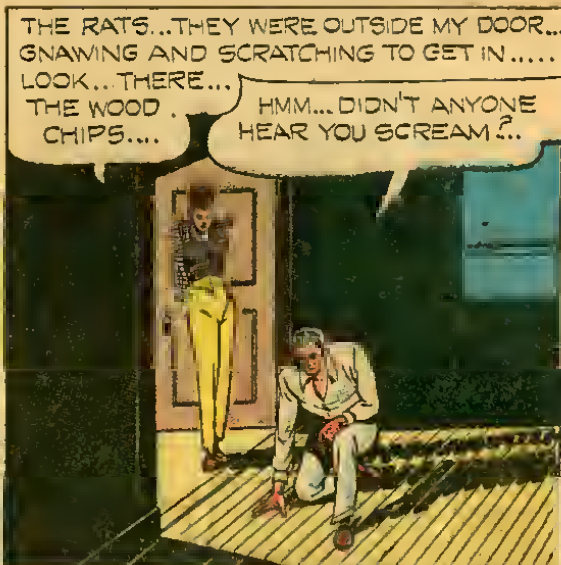
**MARGOT!! IT'S  
ME!... LAMONT!**





OH, LAMONT... LAMONT!...

IT'S ALL RIGHT, DEAR... I HEARD YOU SCREAM... WHY...???



THE RATS... THEY WERE OUTSIDE MY DOOR... GNAWING AND SCRATCHING TO GET IN..... LOOK... THERE... THE WOOD CHIPS....

HMM... DIDN'T ANYONE HEAR YOU SCREAM?..

WELL... HETTY'S OUT... OUT IN THE SWAMP... AND CARLOTTA'S IN BED SICK... THE COLONEL....

YES!.. THE COLONEL!.. I SAW A LIGHT UNDER HIS DOOR... HE MUST'VE HEARD MARGOT... LISTEN... I'M GOING TO PAY HIM A VISIT... AS *THE SHADOW!*



COLONEL HOUSTON... YOU SEEM STRANGELY RESTLESS TO-NIGHT.

WHA...?!.. *THAT VOICE!*!! I MUST BE DREAMING!.. BUT NO...!!!! IT'S *THE CURSE*... PART OF THE CURSE THAT'S DESCENDED ON THIS HOUSE SINCE THE VISITOR'S CAME!



YOU HEARD A SCREAM... WHY DIDN'T YOU HELP?..

HELP?... *HELP?! NO ONE* CAN FIGHT THE *RAT WOMAN*... IF SHE HAD COME HERE FROM THE BAYOUT THERE WAS *NOTHING* I COULD DO!



THEN SHE *DOES* VISIT THE SWAMP OUTSIDE YOUR WINDOW...?

YES... *YES!!* I'VE *SEEN* HER!.. NOW WILL YOU GO...?!!... LEAVE ME ALONE!!





FIVE MINUTES LATER... LAMONT...DID.. YOU  
YES...AND HE TOLD ME SOME INTERESTING  
THINGS...BUT WHAT'RE YOU DOING  
OUT HERE ...WITH THE GUN?...



I HEARD....**THEM**... AFTER YOU LEFT THEY  
CAME BACK...**LISTEN!** THEY'RE COMING  
BACK FOR ME... OH!... THE WIND BLEW IT  
THE CANDLE!... OUT!... THAT NOISE...IT'S NOT  
HERE...IT'S **OUTSIDE!**...



LOOK!... **DOWN THERE!! HUNDREDS OF**  
THEM!...GIVE ME THAT GUN!! LAMONT!.. **NO!!**  
**DON'T SHOOT!**



THEY'LL COME BACK...THEY'LL COME BACK  
AND...**LAMONT!!**  
**NONSENSE!** THERE!! LOOK  
AT THEM RUN!...AND....**WHA..??**  
THE NOISE AGAIN....**OUT IN THE HALL!**

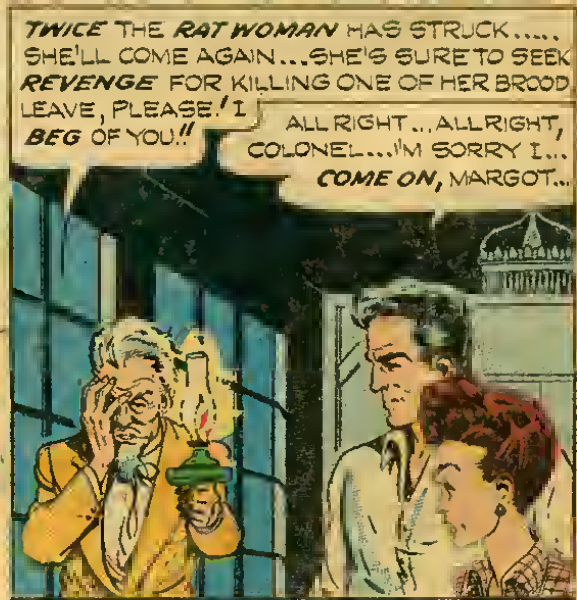
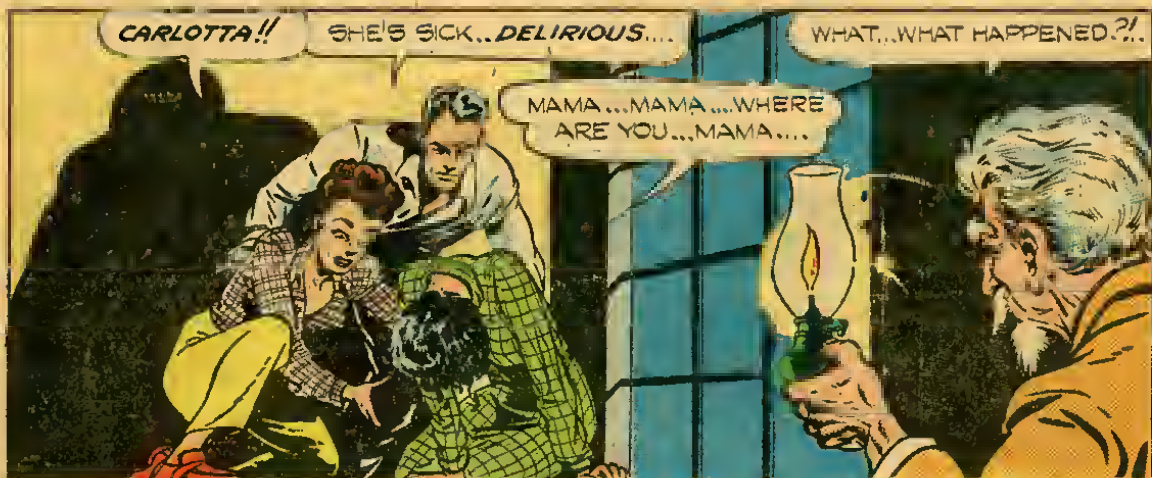


THERE! ON THE FLOOR....I'LL  
FIX IT!!.....

LAMONT!!...**DON'T!!** IT'S  
NOT A RAT....IT...IT'S.....









HALF AN HOUR LATER... THERE! WE'RE FAR ENOUGH IN THE SWAMP TO HIDE THE CAR... I WANT THEM TO THINK WE'RE **REALLY** GONE...

HERE WE GO AGAIN!



**LAMONT!**... THERE'S THAT **SOUND**!!!

IT'S THE SWAMP RATS SWIMMING... SEE THEIR HEADS ABOVE THE WATER?!



STAND HERE... THEY'RE COMING OUT... THERE **MUST BE HUNDREDS** OF THEM...  
...AS BIG AS CATS... THOSE TEETH... LIKE **FANGS**....



THEY STOPPED... THEY'RE STANDING THERE... STARING!

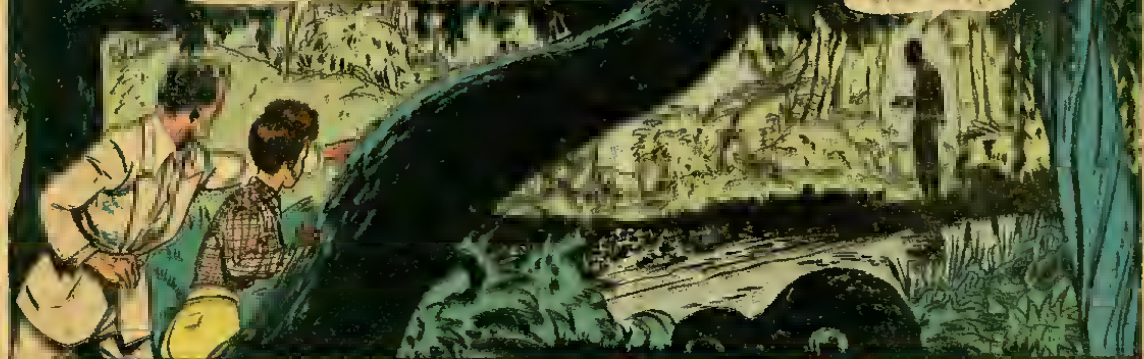
AT US?!, DID THEY **SEE US**?!



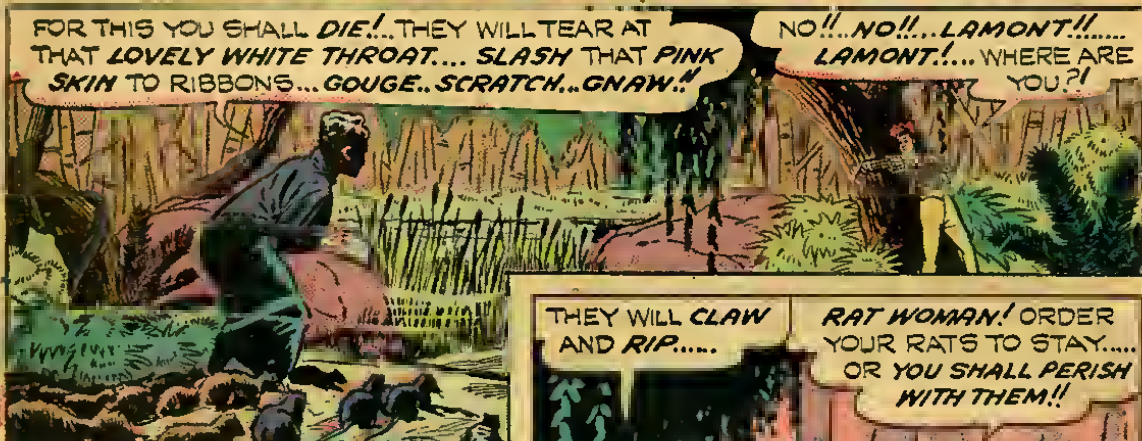
NO... **LOOK!**... SOMETHING... **SOMEONE**... MOVING TOWARDS THEM....

MAKING SOUNDS LIKE ONE OF THEM... **LAMONT!**... IT'S A **WOMAN!**... **THE RAT WOMAN!**

AH, MY LITTLE FRIENDS... YOU KNOW MY VOICE BUT NOT THE WORDS... BUT I CAN TELL YOU ANYWAY... THEY'VE GONE!... GONE!... LEAVING ME FREE TO LEAD YOU ON TO THE VILLAGE TO KILL AND DESTROY!!









I AM THE VOICE OF THE BAYOU.... I KNOW THE CHILDREN WHO ARE MINE AND YOU ARE NOT AMONG THEM!!... SEND THEM BACK TO MY SWAMP WATER OR I SHALL DISCLOSE YOUR **SECRET**....



THE **SECRET** THAT YOU ARE **NOT** THE RAT WOMAN... THAT YOU WERE **BORN OF MAN**.. RAISED BY WOMAN... SEND THEM BACK OR THEY WILL LEARN YOUR **DECEPTION** AND TURN ON **YOU**... **LOOK**!! EVEN NOW THEY ARE STARING AT YOU... STARING....



YOU **DEVIL**!!... **BACK**!! GO BACK, MY FRIENDS!!... **BACK TO THE SWAMP**!!...

**SEE!** THEY RETURN TO THE EMBRACE OF THE SOFT ARMS OF MY BANKS!!... YOU ARE DEFEATED, RAT WOMAN!!... **NOT ME!!... YOU'LL NEVER CLAIM ME!!**



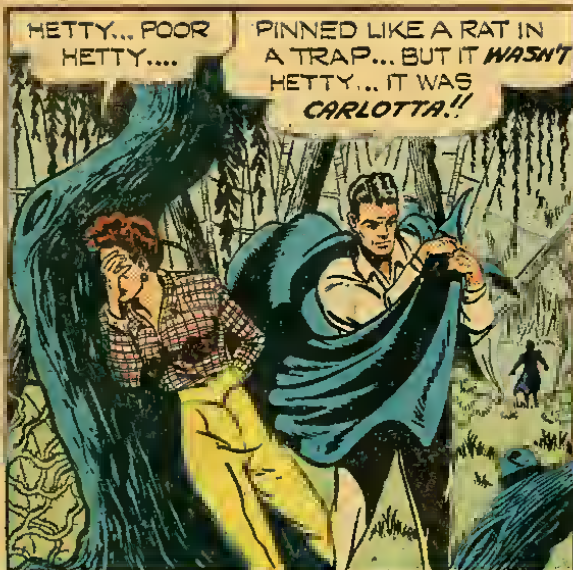
**COME BACK**.... THE BOG!!... **LOOK OUT**!!... THAT ROTTEN TREE....



**HETTY!!... HETTY!!... UHHH...!!**







HETTY... POOR  
HETTY....

PINNED LIKE A RAT IN  
A TRAP... BUT IT *WASN'T*  
HETTY... IT WAS  
*CARLOTTA!!*



*CARLOTTA!!* MY BABY!!

*HETTY!! NO!! IT'S  
NO USE... SHE'S  
GONE... IT'S BETTER  
THIS WAY !!*



*YOU* WERE THE BABY LEFT IN THE SWAMP  
AND RAISED BY  
THE RATS....

...YES!.. BUT MY *CHILD* INSTEAD OF *ME*, WAS  
*CURSED!!..HE'S THE ONE!!..HE* FILLED HER  
MIND WITH LEGEND... TOOK HER INTO THE SWAMP... TAUGHT HER  
TO LOVE THE RATS!

*HE?!!*  
*I...LISTEN!!.. THAT*  
*LAUGH!!.. THE CACKLE*  
*OF A MAD MAN!*



IT'S *HIM*... HE WENT *COMPLETELY MAD* WHEN  
HE FOUND OUT *CARLOTTA*  
WAS DEAD!!

*COLONEL HOUSTON,*  
MARGOT! HE WAS USING *CARLOTTA*  
AND THE RATS TO CLEAR THE VILLAGE OF  
PEOPLE. SO THE LAND WOULD BE WORTH-  
LESS.. SO SOMEDAY *HE* COULD BUY IT  
BACK FOR *HIMSELF!*



BUT...I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND *WHY*  
HE WENT MAD!...

*WHY?.. THE JUSTICE*  
OF THE BAYOU IS *STRANGE*....  
HE KILLED MY LITTLE GIRL AND HE  
IS PAYING... THERE ARE MANY  
SECRETS BURIED IN THIS BAYOU  
THAT HUMAN BEINGS WILL  
NEVER UNDERSTAND....

*NEVER....*



# NICK CARTER

MATCHLESS DEATH....



THIS IS ONE OF THE FEW NICK CARTER STORIES THAT BEGINS AFTER THE KILLER HAS BEEN ARRESTED AND IS ON TRIAL. THERE WAS NO DOUBT THAT DAN RORY WAS GUILTY...

PATSY WAS AN EYE WITNESS TO THE MURDER... BUT DAN HAD SOME FRIENDS... IT WAS LUCKY NICK HAD TWO MATCHES....

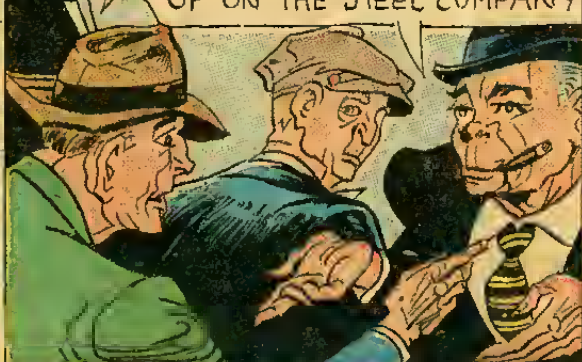


THAT DAME'S GONNA FRY DAN  
YARE.. AN' HE SAID IF HE GOT THE CHAIR HE WASN'T GOIN' ALONE!!



HE CAN DO IT TOO.. HE CAN TIE US IN..

CORRECT, FRAME IT! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE TH' BRAIN GUY, MAKE WITH TH' BRAINS. WE WERE IN THAT HOLD-UP ON THE STEEL COMPANY



THIS IS THE DAY.. I BETTER HURRY AND GET READY.. NICK'S CALLING FOR ME...



LEAVE IT TO THAT MAN TO BE EARLY!.. ALL RIGHT, I'M COMIN'!

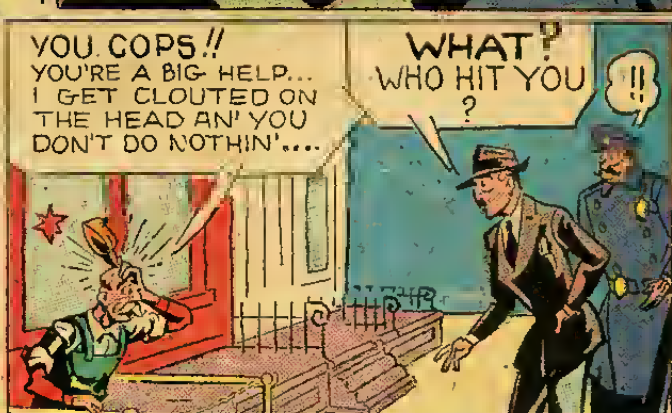
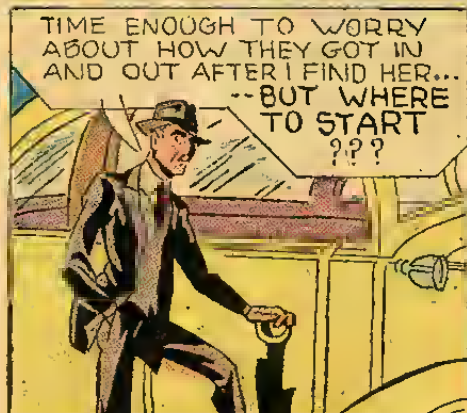
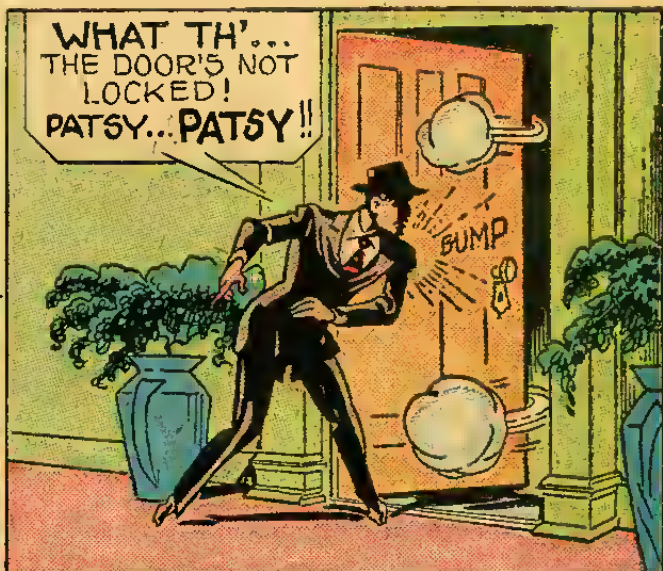


ONE YELD OUT OF YOU, DOLL, AND YOU GET IT RIGHT HERE!



**TUNE IN**  
EACH WEEK TO **NICK CARTER**  
OVER MUTUAL NETWORK





SUNDAY EVENING.  
6:30 P.M. EST.

sponsored by

OLD DUTCH  
CLEANSER





THREE MUGS CAME IN  
AND HIT ME... I PASS  
OUT... WHEN I COME  
TO, THEY'RE DRAGGIN'  
THAT NICE GIRL IN  
3A AFTER THEM

3A! THAT'S PATSY!  
WHICH WAY DID THEY  
GO?



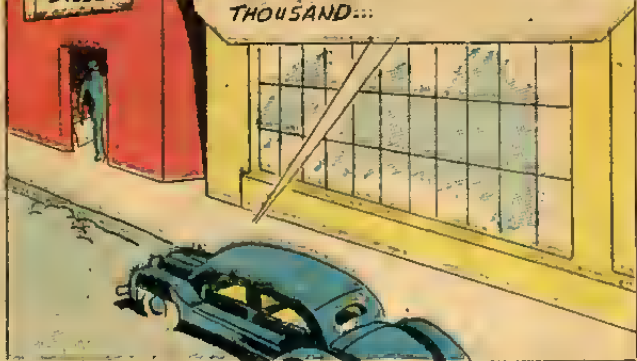
THEY RUN OUT THAT WAY... I HEARD  
ONE OF THEM SAY 'IF YOU KEEP STILL  
YOU MAY LIVE ANOTHER HALF HOUR...  
ONE SQUEAK AND YOU'RE DEAD...'  
THEY SAID THAT TO HER... SHE WAS  
IN A BLANKET...



THAT'S ODD... THAT BIG BUILDING WAS  
THE SCENE OF THAT HOLD UP... I  
WONDER...



STEEL  
BY  
BIER'S...  
BUY  
BIER'S  
STEEL



IT WAS THE BIER'S STEAL ALL  
RIGHT... THEY GOT ONE HUNDRED  
THOUSAND...

YOU'VE CUT DOWN ON  
PRODUCTION SINCE  
THE WAR, HAVEN'T  
YOU?

SURE... IN HALF... SEE  
THAT BUILDING DOWN  
THERE? AIN'T EVEN USED  
ANY MORE



DARE I PROCEED... THIS IS JUST  
A HUNCH... IN THE MEANTIME, THEY  
MAY BE KILLING HER... I'VE LEFT  
A CALL TO THE POLICE...



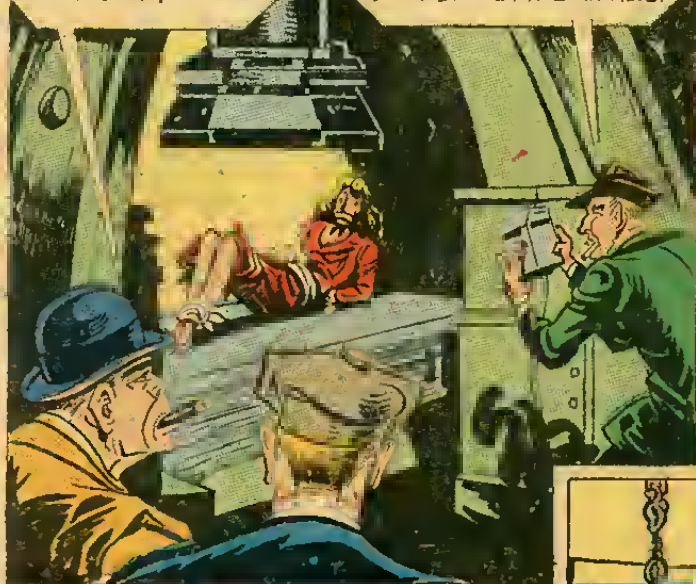


NICK'S HUNCH IS CORRECT... BUT NICK CAN'T KNOW THAT RIGHT AT THIS SECOND...

CAN'T KILL JOY AND I DO SOMETHIN', FRAME IT?

KITE, YOU CAN DO MORE GOOD STAYIN' OUTA MY WAY. THIS IS THE WAY TO DO IT SO WE HAVE AN ALIBI

THEY'RE GOIN' TO SUSPECT NO MATTER WHAT WE DO. WE GOTTA BE IN COURT WHEN THIS CHICK CROAKS...



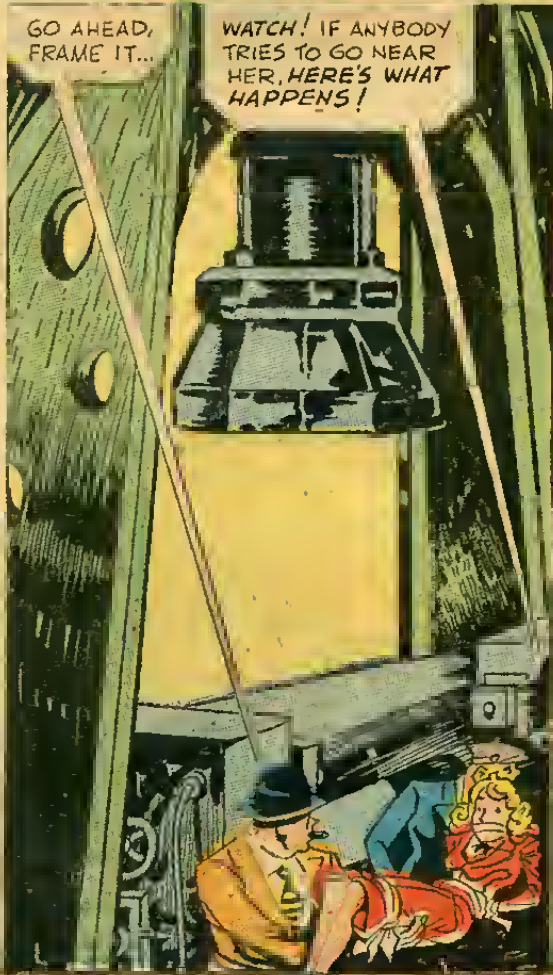
PULL HER OUTA THE HAMMER FOR A SECOND. I WANNA SEE IF THIS WORKS

YARE, IT BETTER.. OR WE FRY!



GO AHEAD, FRAME IT...

WATCH! IF ANYBODY TRIES TO GO NEAR HER, HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS!



ANYONE WALKS IN HERE, CUTS THE PHOTO-ELECTRIC PATHWAY AND...







SEEMS AN AWFUL WASTE  
TO FLATTEN OUT A CUTE  
DOLL LIKE THIS

WOUL'D'A RATHER GET BURNED?  
SHE SAW RORY CROAK THE  
WATCHMAN!

BEAT IT..WE GOTTA  
GET ARRESTED NOW..  
THAT'LL ALIBI'US!

ANYBODY WHO TRIES  
TO SAVE HER NOW,  
WILL KILL HER.  
GOOD!

NICK, WORRIED SICK, APPROACHES...



IF THIS HUNCH  
IS WRONG



KNOCK HIM  
DOWN.. WE  
GOTT'A GET  
OUT....

I'LL  
TAKE  
HIM



HURRY UP,  
NOW...WE'RE  
WASTING  
TIME. HE'S  
KNOCKED  
OUT...

YARE.. I'M  
GETTIN'  
NERVOUS...  
C'MOH...

SOCK!



MINUTES PASS...

WHOOSH! SO MY HUNCH WAS  
RIGHT.. WHAT WERE KITE, KILL-  
JOY AND FRAME IT DOING IN A  
DISUSED PART OF A STEEL PLANT?  
PATSY WASN'T WITH THEM...IF  
THEY'VE KILLED HER...



THROUGH HER HORROR, PATSY HEARS A SOUND..

IT'S NICK.. THEY'VE FRAMED  
IT SO THAT NICK WILL KILL  
ME! IF I COULD ONLY WARN  
HIM...

NICK COMES CLOSER...CLOSER...

PATSY... YOU'RE STILL ALIVE, THANK  
HEAVEN... I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF HERE  
IN A JIFFY!

I'LL CUT YOU  
LOOSE IN A  
SECOND...

ANOTHER STEP AND  
HE'LL SET OFF THE  
PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELLS...

BUT, WAIT... WHY DIDN'T  
THEY KILL YOU WHILE  
THEY WERE HERE?  
PATSY! IF THIS IS A  
TRAP, WIGGLE YOUR  
FOOT!

CAN I? CAN  
I MOVE AT  
ALL?

SHE MOVED... IT IS A TRAP... I'D BETTER  
NOT STIR FROM THIS SPOT.. 'FRAME IT'  
IS INGENIOUS.. WHAT COULD HE HAVE  
RIGGED? SOMETHING TO SET OFF THE  
HAMMER...

TAP  
TAP



PHOTO-ELECTRIC EYES...  
IF I'D STEPPED ANOTHER  
INCH, I'D HAVE SET THEM  
OFF... MATCHES... DO I  
HAVE TWO PACKS OF  
MATCHES?

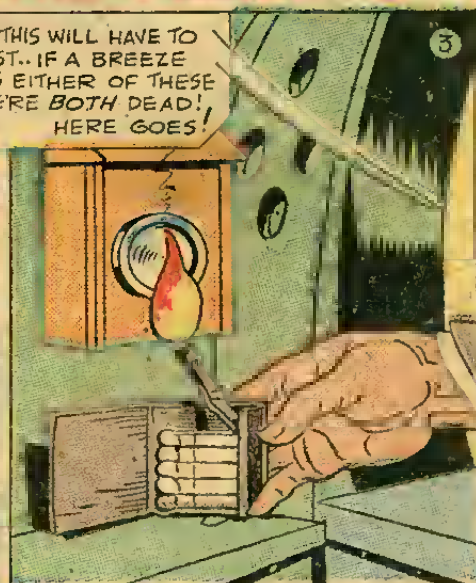
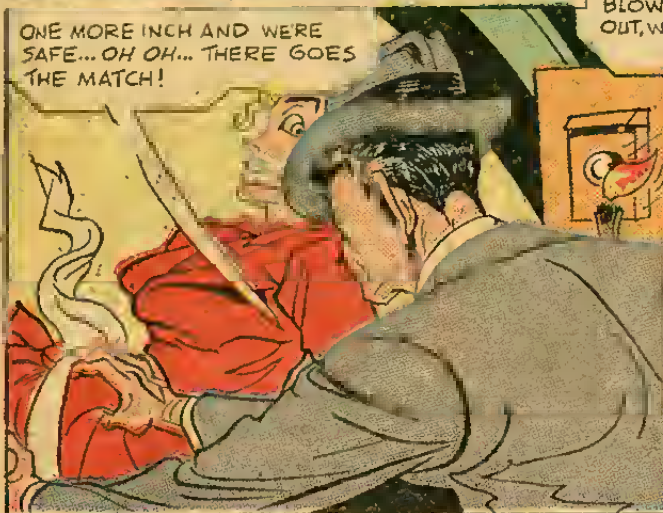
WHAT'S  
HE  
DOING?

WHAT GOOD  
IS A LIT  
MATCH?



ONE MORE INCH AND WERE  
SAFE... OH OH... THERE GOES  
THE MATCH!

PATSY, THIS WILL HAVE TO  
BE FAST.. IF A BREEZE  
BLOWS EITHER OF THESE  
OUT, WE'RE BOTH DEAD!  
HERE GOES!



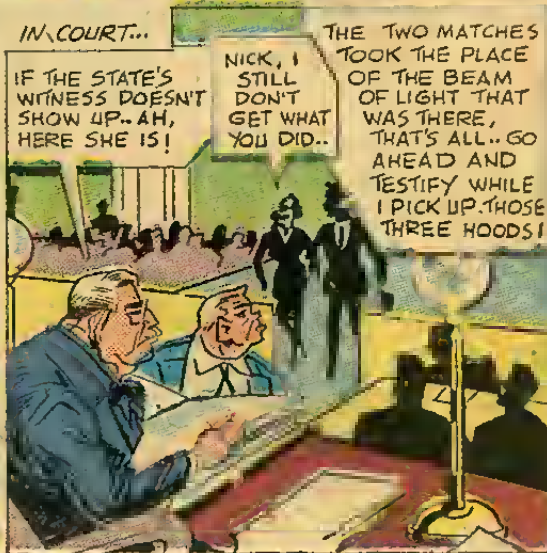
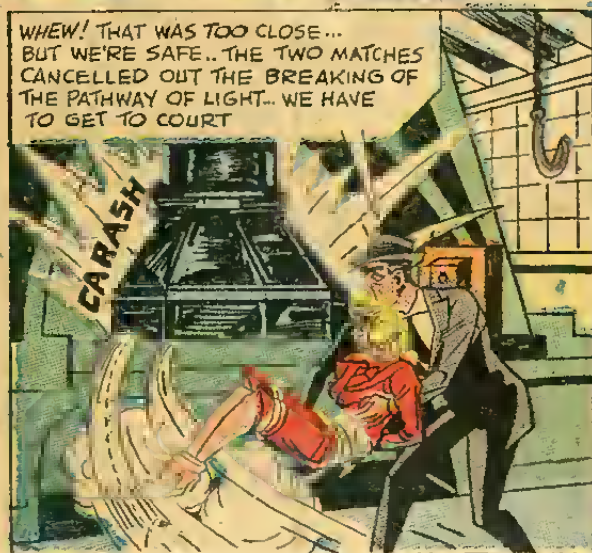
WHEW! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE...  
BUT WE'RE SAFE... THE TWO MATCHES  
CANCELLED OUT THE BREAKING OF  
THE PATHWAY OF LIGHT... WE HAVE  
TO GET TO COURT

IN COURT...

IF THE STATE'S  
WITNESS DOESN'T  
SHOW UP.. AH,  
HERE SHE IS!

NICK, I  
STILL  
DON'T  
GET WHAT  
YOU DID..

THE TWO MATCHES  
TOOK THE PLACE  
OF THE BEAM  
OF LIGHT THAT  
WAS THERE,  
THAT'S ALL.. GO  
AHEAD AND  
TESTIFY WHILE  
I PICK UP THOSE  
THREE HOODS!





# DOC SAVAGE

*The Devil to Pay!!*



OUT OF THE PAGES OF OLD BOOKS AND OLDER BELIEFS CAME A FIGURE TO STUN THE MIND AND LAID WASTE TO THE RULES OF LAW AND ORDER. SATAN ON A RAMPAGE! THAT'S WHAT DOC SAVAGE WAS UP AGAINST!



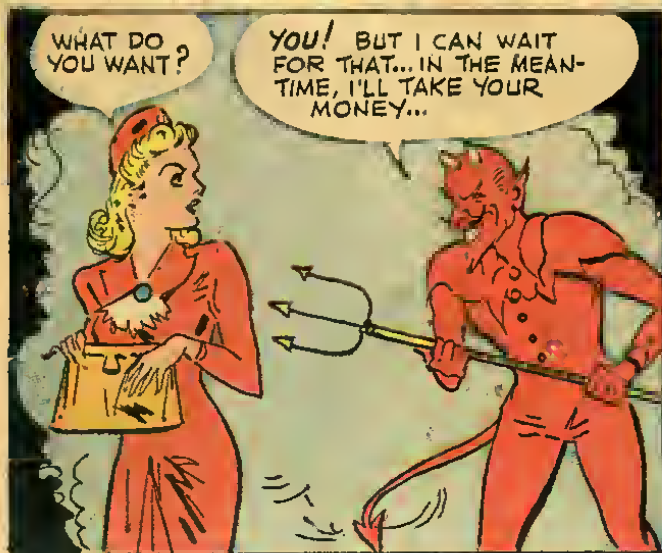
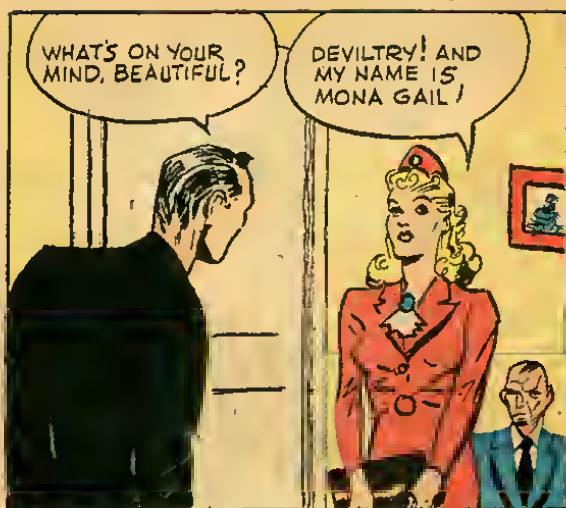
BACK FROM A VACATION, DOC FINDS A LONG LINE OF PEOPLE WAITING FOR... HELP...

ALMOST WASN'T WORTH TAKING A VACATION... LOOK AT WHAT'S PILED UP FOR US!

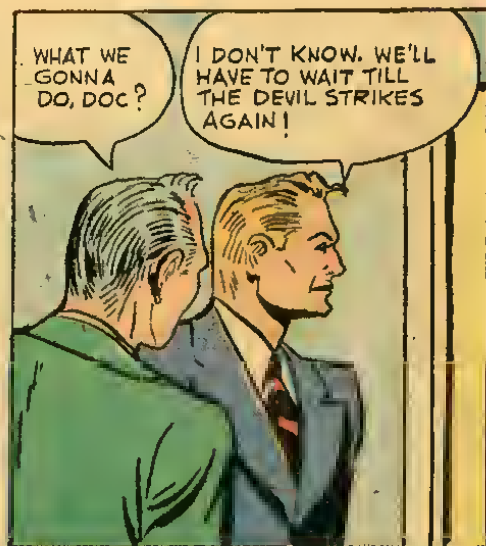
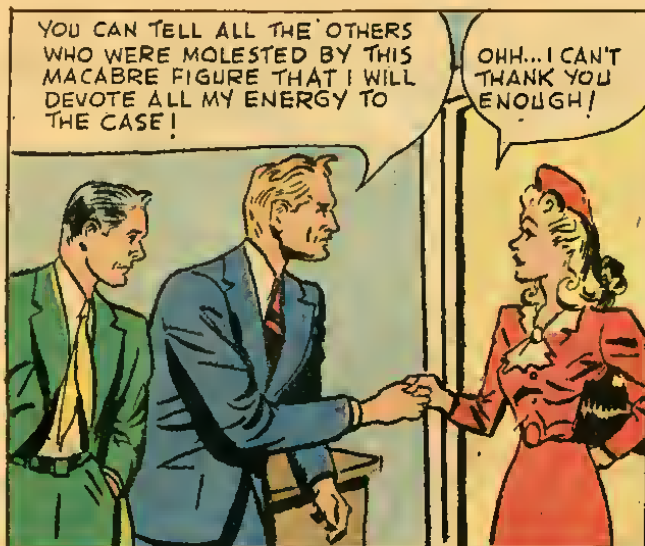
STRANGE.... WONDER WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?



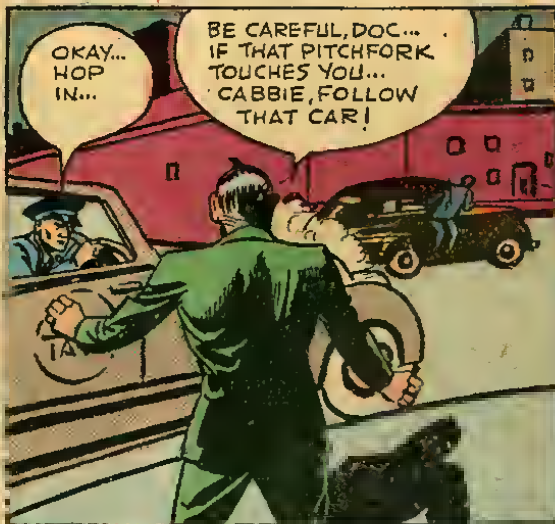
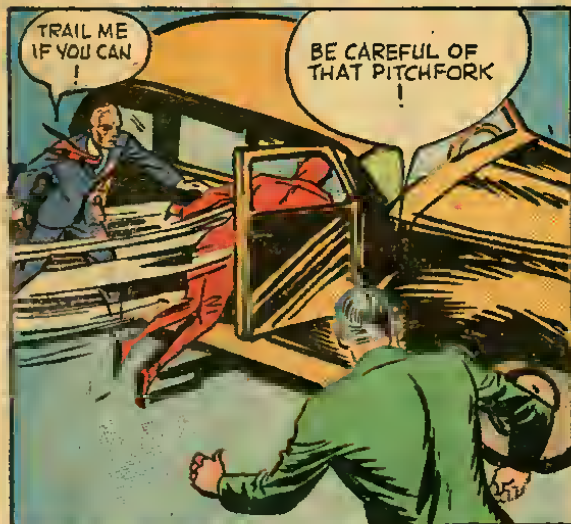




















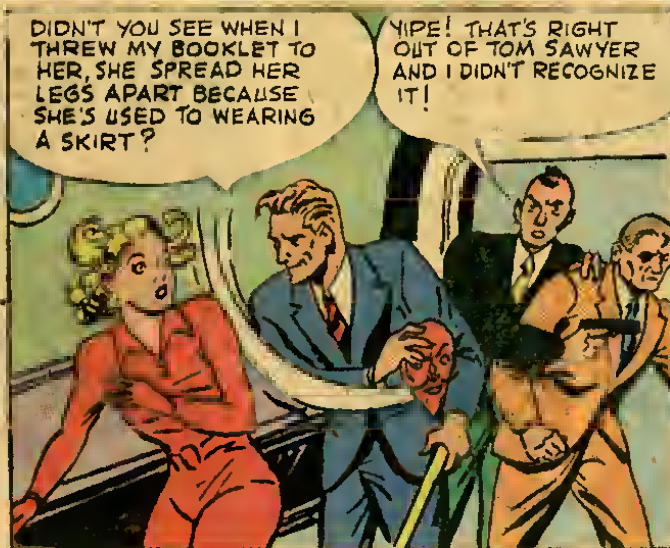
I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

MONK! GET HIM! THE ONE WITH GUN!



DON'T YOU THINK SHE MAKES A PRETTY DEVIL? MONK?

UHP! SHE?



DIDN'T YOU SEE WHEN I THREW MY BOOKLET TO HER, SHE SPREAD HER LEGS APART BECAUSE SHE'S USED TO WEARING A SKIRT?

YIPE! THAT'S RIGHT OUT OF TOM SAWYER AND I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE IT!



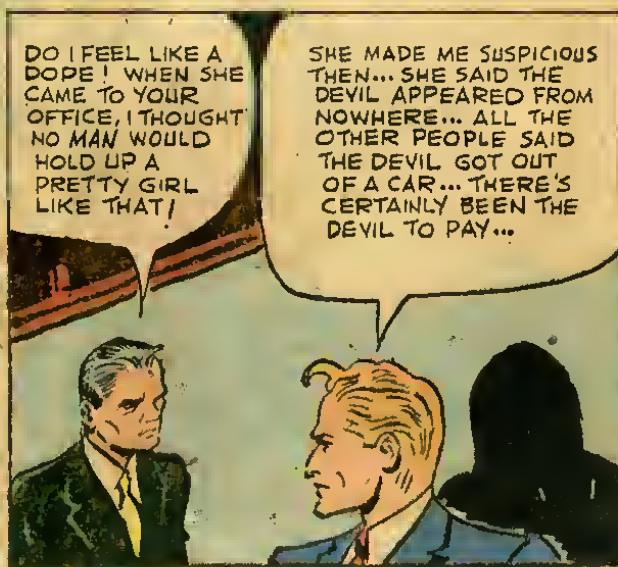
WHAT KEEPS THAT PITCH-FORK SO HOT?

AS A GUESS, I'D SAY THAT THE HANDLE WAS HOLLOW AND IT IS FILLED, EXCEPT THE INSULATED HANDLE, WITH DRY ICE, SO COLD IT BURNS!



RIGHT THERE IT WAS, I TELL YOU! SEE... THERE THEY COME!

RE-INFORCEMENTS!



DO I FEEL LIKE A DOPE! WHEN SHE CAME TO YOUR OFFICE, I THOUGHT NO MAN WOULD HOLD UP A PRETTY GIRL LIKE THAT!

SHE MADE ME SUSPICIOUS THEN... SHE SAID THE DEVIL APPEARED FROM NOWHERE... ALL THE OTHER PEOPLE SAID THE DEVIL GOT OUT OF A CAR... THERE'S CERTAINLY BEEN THE DEVIL TO PAY...





# The Shadow

## Three False Crimes

# Three False Crimes

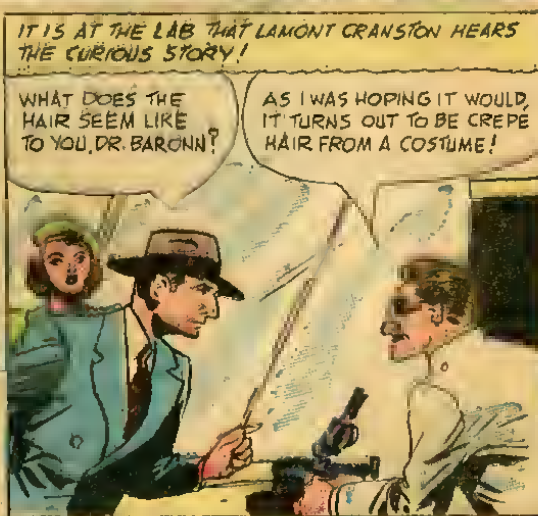
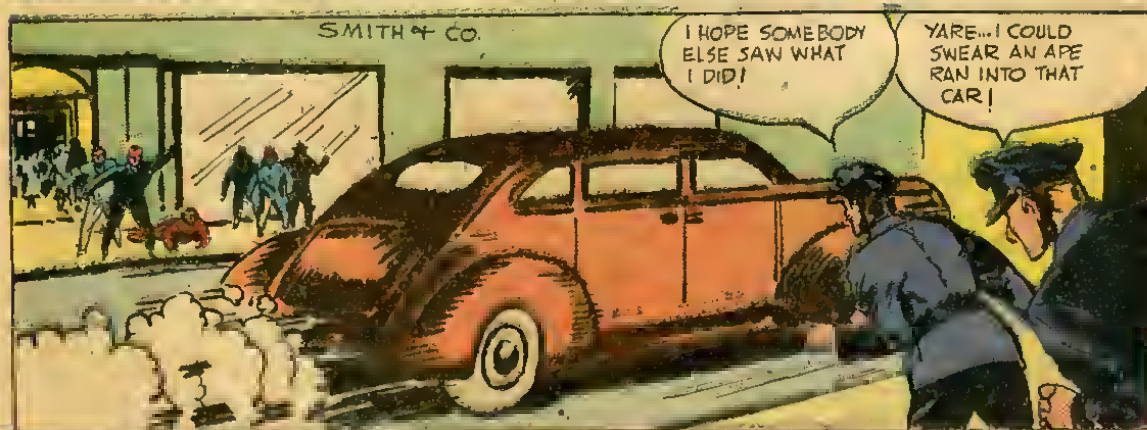
CRAFTY, CRIMINAL, CURIOUS,  
WAS THE PLOT...  
KNOWING THAT THEY COULD  
NOT COMMIT THE CRIME THEY  
WERE DEDICATED TO, THEY  
SET UP CRIMES TO OCCUPY  
THE MAN WHO WAS KNOWN  
AS THE SHADOW...

CAN EVEN THE SHADOW  
SEE THROUGH THIS  
MYSTERIOUS MAZE

????

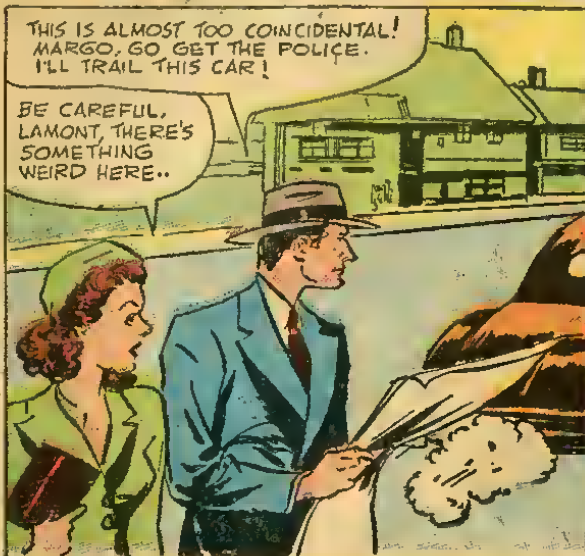
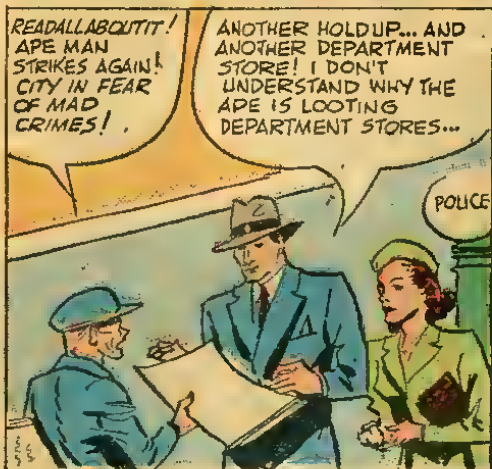
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**TUNE IN** EACH WEEK TO THE  
OF THE  
**SHADOW**

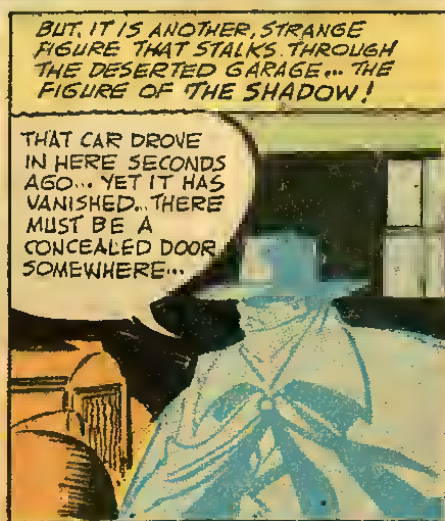
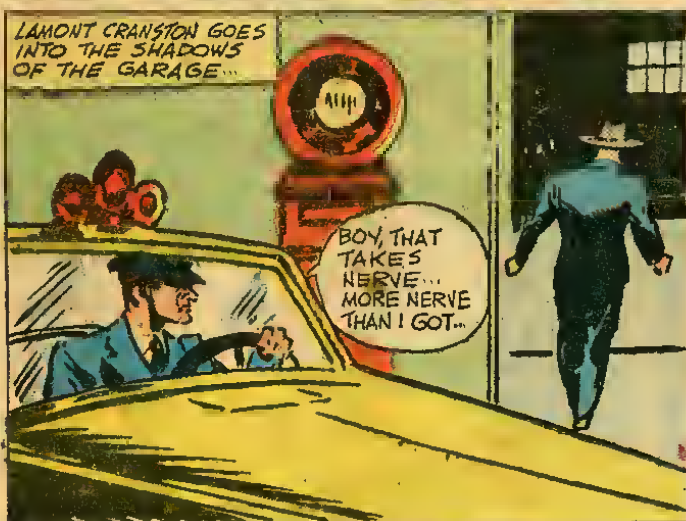
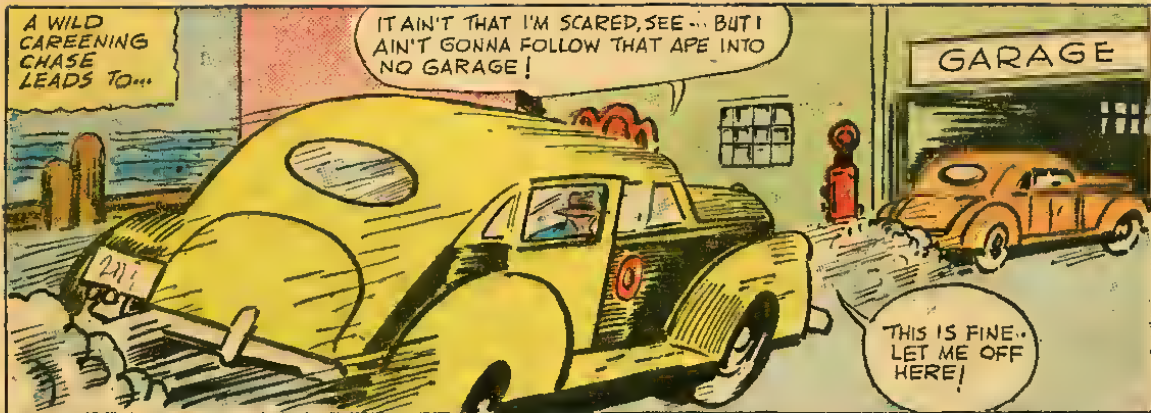




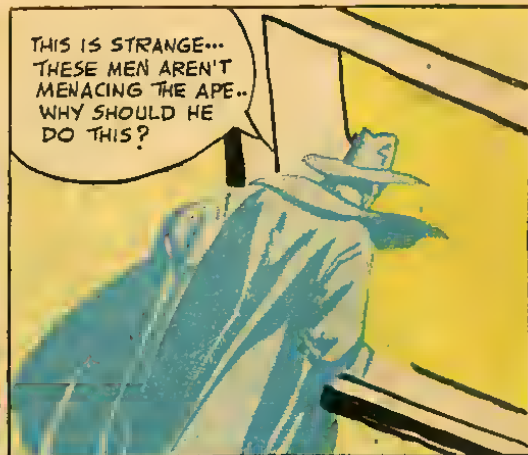
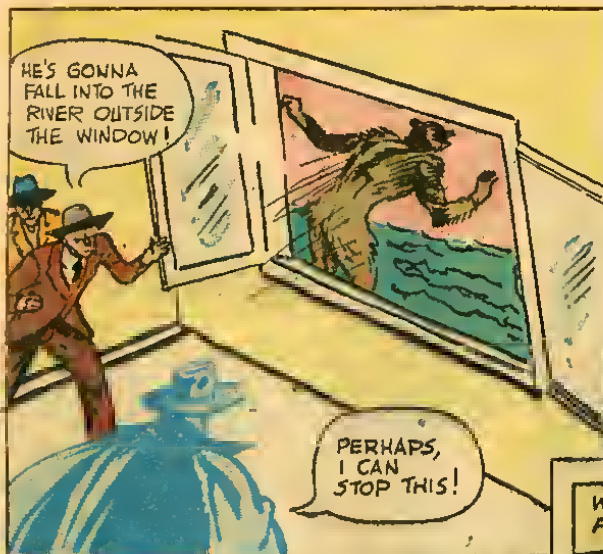
**THRILLING ADVENTURES**

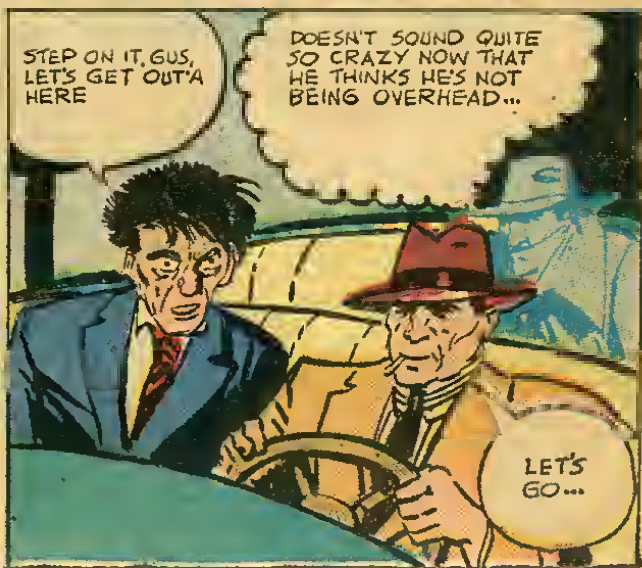
CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPERS FOR TIME AND STATION



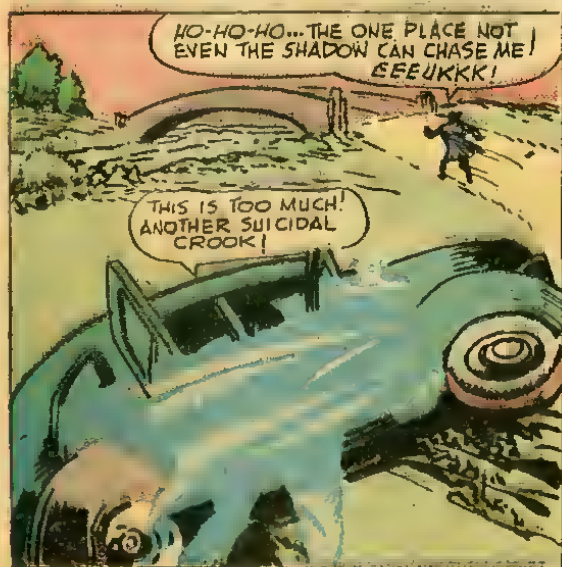


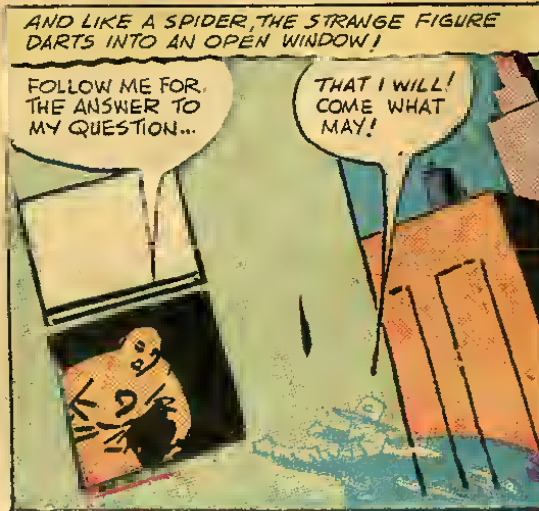
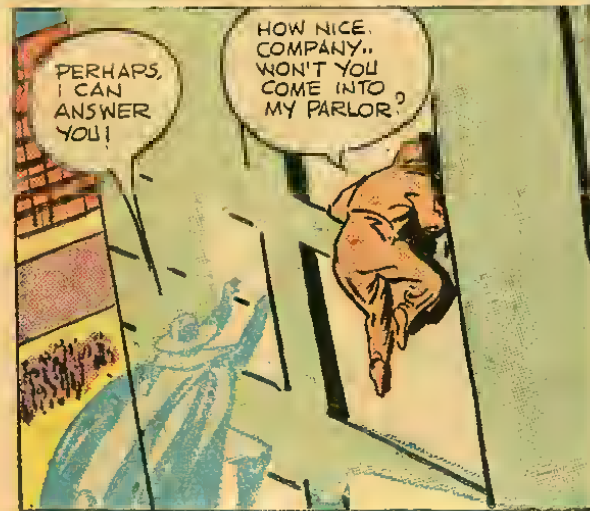
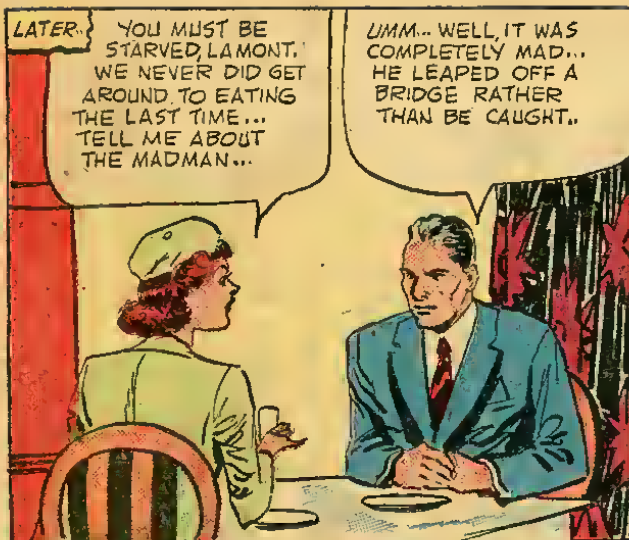




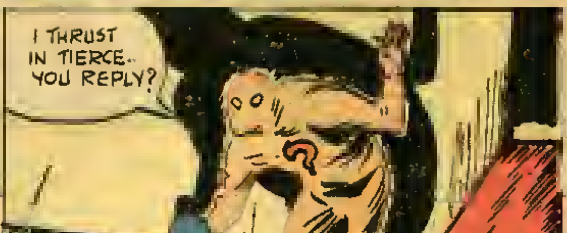
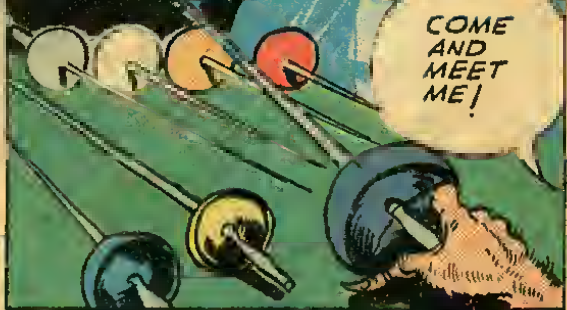
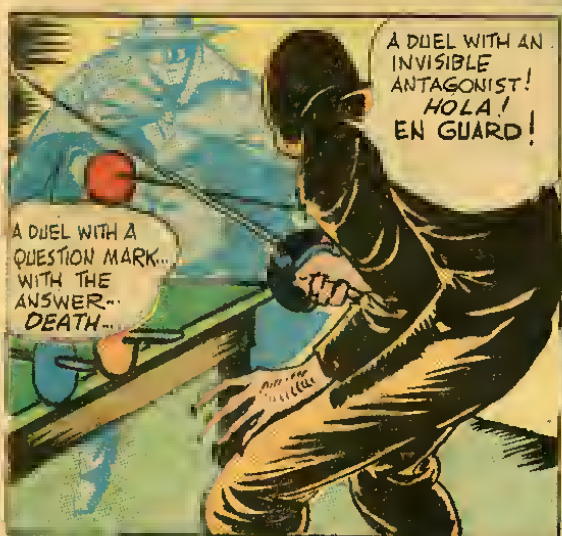
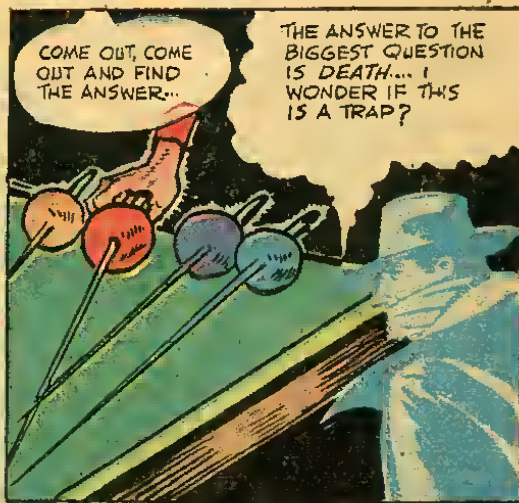


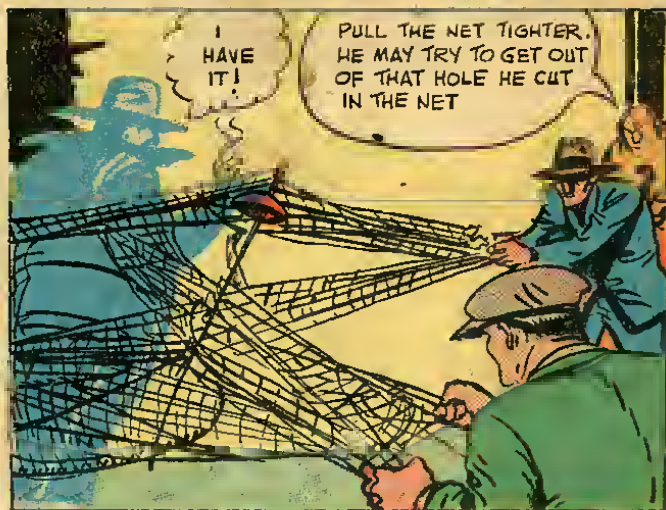
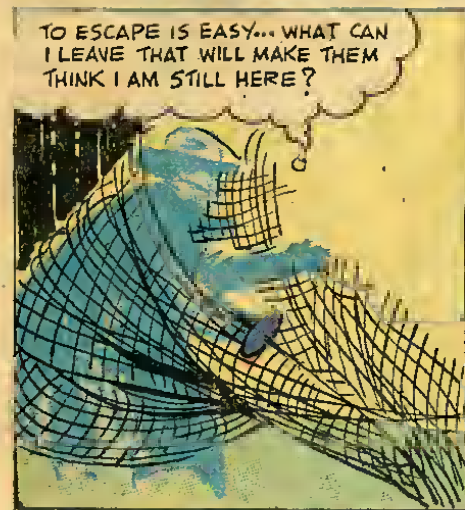
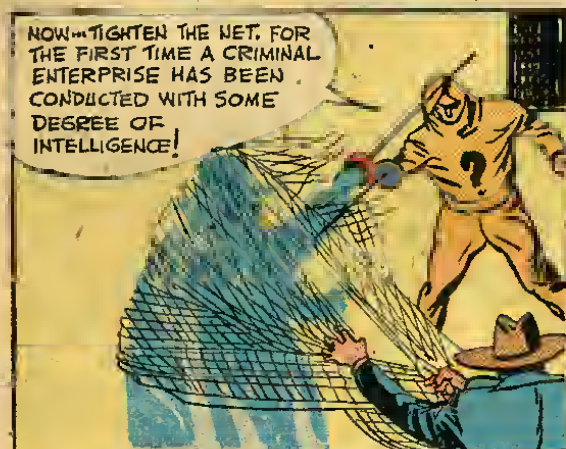
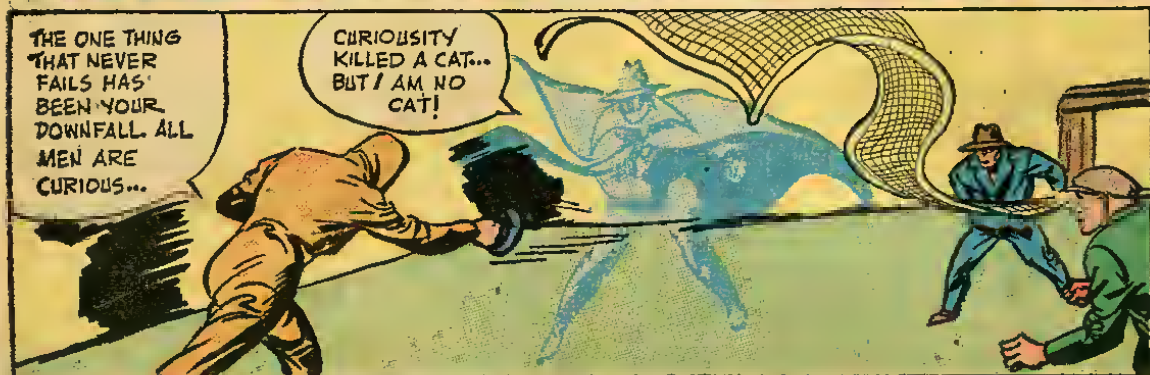
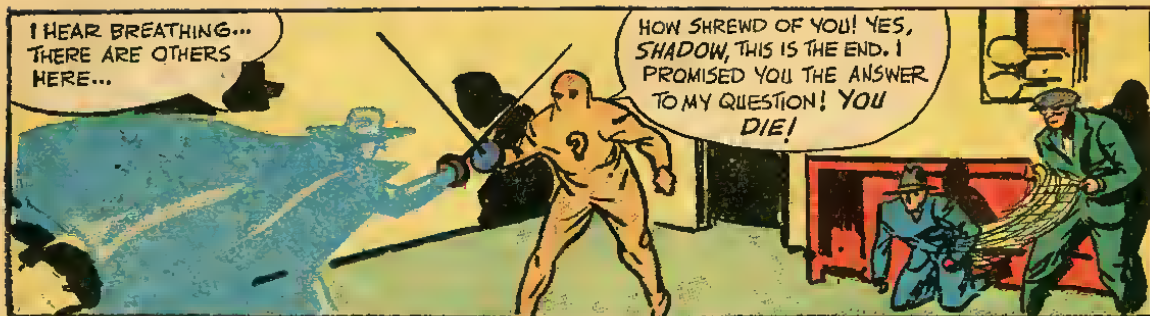




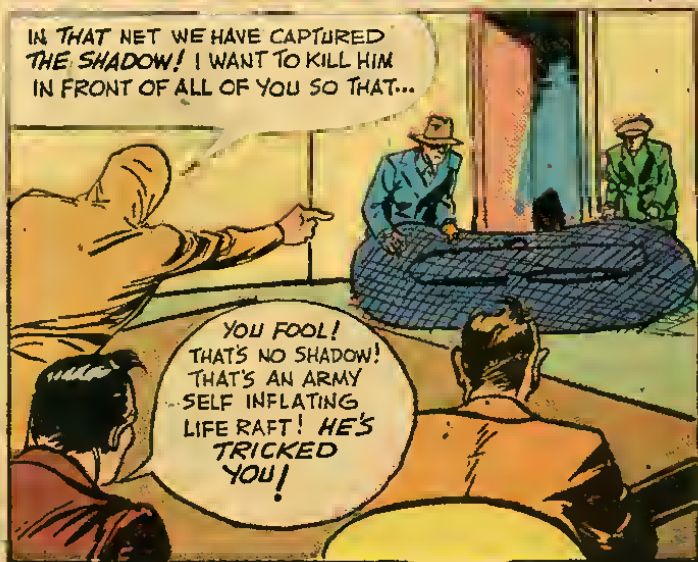
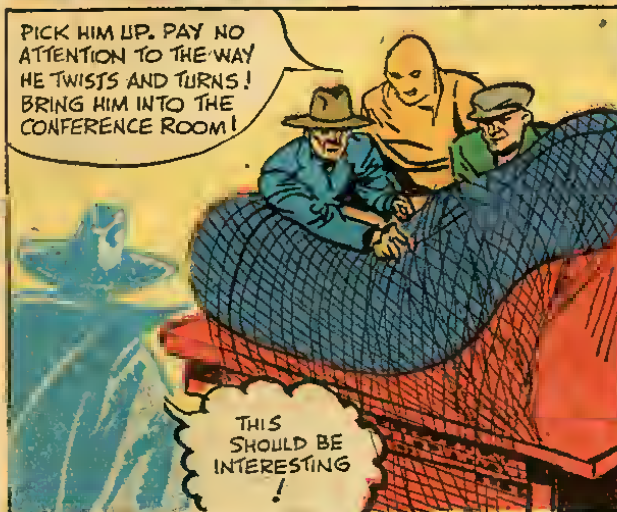
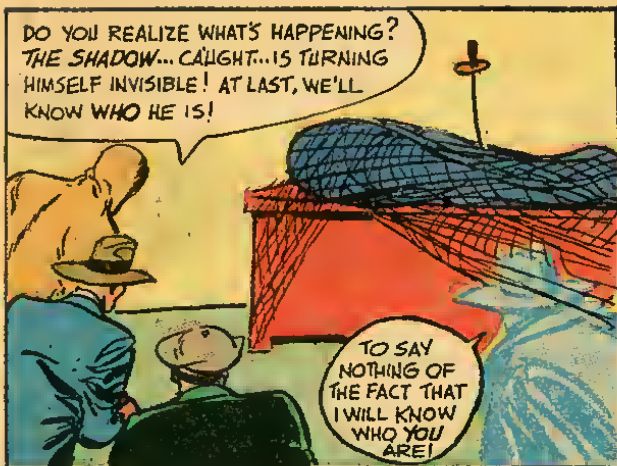












HE TRICKED ME! HE MUST HAVE  
GOTTEN OUT OF THAT HOLE IN  
THE NET AND PUT THIS IN AND  
THEN RELEASED THE GAS THAT  
INFLATES IT...



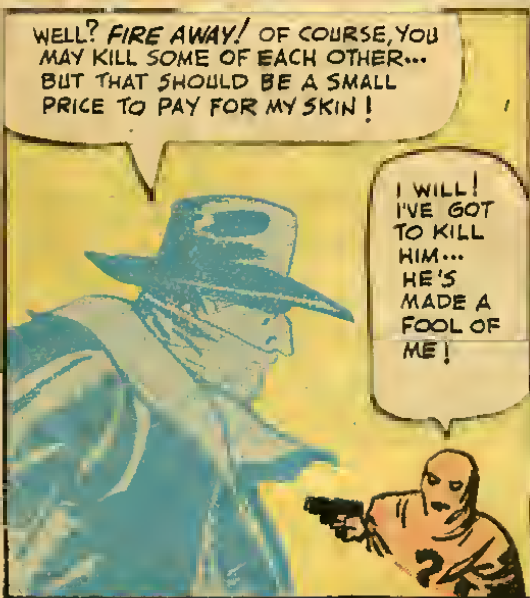
SO YOU WENT THROUGH ALL THAT  
FARCE OF THE APE MAN, THE  
MAD MAN AND THE QUESTION MARK  
JUST SO AS TO INTRIGUE ME INTO  
A TRAP... HO HO...

HE'S HERE!  
WE CAN  
STILL KILL  
HIM!



TCH...TCH... GENTLEMEN,  
YOU DON'T FLATTER ME.  
DID YOU THINK I'D  
STAY IN ONE PLACE?

WELL? FIRE AWAY! OF COURSE YOU  
MAY KILL SOME OF EACH OTHER...  
BUT THAT SHOULD BE A SMALL  
PRICE TO PAY FOR MY SKIN!



I WILL!  
I'VE GOT  
TO KILL  
HIM...  
HE'S  
MADE A  
FOOL OF  
ME!

BAROOM



DON'T...  
YOU'LL KILL  
US!



BANG

PLEASE...  
DON'T... I'LL  
SHOOT YOU,  
STOP!

LEAVING THE  
CROOKS OCCUPIED  
WITH CIVIL WAR...





THE SHADOW LEAVES THE SHOT FILLED ROOM, BUT LAMONT CRANSTON RETURNS WITH THE POLICE!



I HEARD THE SOUND OF SHOTS SO I THOUGHT WE SHOULD INVESTIGATE!

BANG!  
BAROOM!  
BING!

WOW! SOMEBODY WAS SURE MAD AT SOMEBODY!



TROUBLE OF SOME KIND?



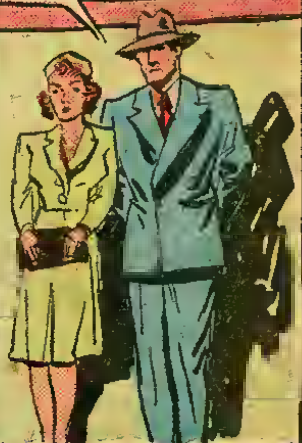
LAMONT! I THOUGHT I SAW YOU! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

THERE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN A MISUNDERSTANDING BETWEEN SOME CROOKS



BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO... SO THAT'S THE QUESTION MARK!

TO SAY NOTHING OF THE FACT THAT HE WAS ALSO THE MADMAN AND THE APE MAN!



THE HUMAN FLY! LONG TIME NO SEE.. WHEN'D YOU GET OUT OF THE PEN?

A MONTH AGO... IF I EVER GET MY HANDS ON THAT SHADOW!



YOU'RE NEVER GONNA GET YOUR HANDS ON ANYBODY... YOU'RE SET FOR THE HOT SQUAT!

OH... LOOK... THAT'S MR. BRACEY! HE OWNS THE BIG DEPARTMENT STORE ON LANDS STREET!

THAT EXPLAINS SOMETHING THAT PUZZLED ME. I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY, WHEN THE HUMAN FLY WAS THE MADMAN AND THE OTHER DISGUISES, HE ALWAYS ATTACKED DEPARTMENT STORES!

AND HE NEVER WENT NEAR BRACEY'S



BRACEY USED THE CROOKED BUSINESS TO HELP HIS LEGITIMATE BUSINESS... IF THOSE ATTACKS ON OTHER DEPARTMENT STORES HAD CONTINUED, PEOPLE WOULD HAVE BEEN AFRAID TO GO IN THEM!

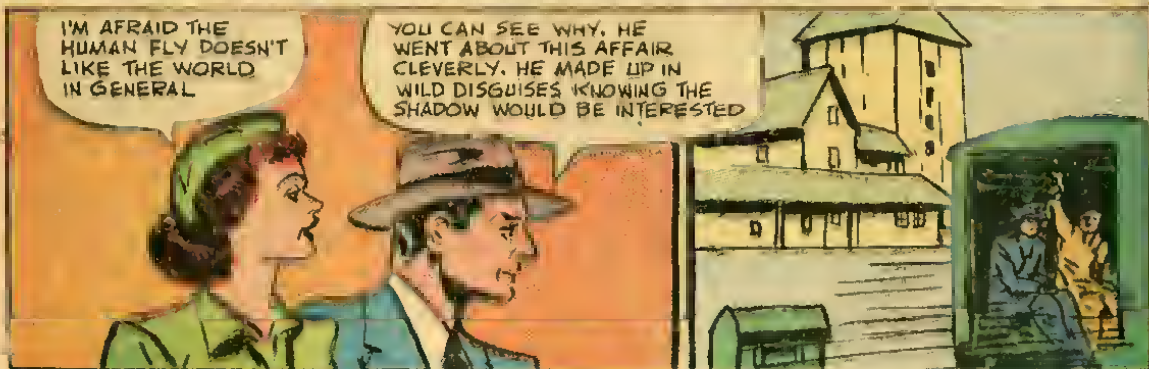
RIGHT

POLICE



I'M AFRAID THE HUMAN FLY DOESN'T LIKE THE WORLD IN GENERAL

YOU CAN SEE WHY. HE WENT ABOUT THIS AFFAIR CLEVERLY. HE MADE UP IN WILD DISGUISES KNOWING THE SHADOW WOULD BE INTERESTED



HE HAD TO USE DISGUISES BECAUSE HE WAS TOO WELL KNOWN A CROOK... ANY COP WOULD HAVE RECOGNIZED HIM!

THEN, HE FAKED SUICIDES, SO THAT THE SHADOW WOULD THINK THERE WAS A WHOLE WAVE OF WILD CRIMES BEING COMMITTED!

HE ALMOST FOOLED THE SHADOW, TOO, WHEN HE THREW THE APE MAN DISGUISE INTO THE WATER... AND PRETENDED TO LEAP OFF THAT BRIDGE AS THE MADMAN!

BUT THE SHADOW CAME THROUGH... AS HE ALWAYS DOES... PROVING ONCE AGAIN THAT THE WEED OF CRIME BEARS A BITTER FRUIT...





# Shadow comics

Harold Schwartz—Editor

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

C. Hunter Diringer—Art Editor

## TOAST TO DEATH . . .

Nick was still chuckling about the answers to the puzzle of the blue monocle that some of the members had put forward when Chick looked at his watch. "Hold everything, dad," he said to his famous foster father, "remember we have to be in court today about that poison case."

"If I snap it up maybe I can present our members with another 'three clues' case. Remember," Nick said to the members of the Inner Circle. "The first clue means that the police can arrest the suspect. The second clue gives the D.A. enough evidence to present a case to the jury . . . but the third clue means that the jury is sure to bring in a verdict of guilty."

"The case seemed very simple on the surface," Nick said. "Two men were in a room alone. They had a drink in which they made a toast to the success of a business venture. Within twenty minutes one of the men was in the hospital and the other was dead!"

"The two men were named Thomas Archer, who was the host and Benjamin Court who was the guest. It was the guest who died," Nick said. "Let me sketch in the scene. It was the palatial home of Thomas Archer . . . the two men were seated in Archer's study. To one side of the room was a sort of cellar in which the liquor was kept."

"The cellar had a lock on it. A combination lock."

"Archer was a man in his fifties who fitted perfectly in the room. His guest and business partner, Court, was as thin as his host was fat, as white faced as his host was red."

"But to get back. The butler came into the room when Archer was saying, 'Benjamin, nothing but Napoleon brandy is good enough to toast our little business venture in!'"

The butler said that he was chased out of the

room while Archer unlocked the combination lock on the cellar and poured out a decanter full of the brandy from the musty cobwebbed bottle. When the butler came back into the room Archer asked him to decant two glasses from the decanter.

"He did so. The two men lifted their glasses to each other and made a toast. It was something about, 'May you live a thousand years and I live forever.'"

"After a toast like that," Nick said grimly, "it was a little odd that in a half an hour one man was dead and the other in the hospital. When Chick and I got there the police lab men had been at work. Both glasses had been loaded with arsenic! The police examined the decanter. It was loaded with the poison."

"Don't forget," Chick butted in, "to tell them about where you found the arsenic!"

"That was strange," Nick said. "The bottle of arsenic was in the cellar in with the valuable bottles of vintage liquor. It looked peculiar, the skull and crossbones on the label, at variance with the labels on all the other bottles."

"The poison was in . . ." Beef called, "but that means Archer, the host, must have been the killer!"

"Certainly looked that way," Nick agreed. "But for one thing. The butler said that earlier that day he had stolen some of the brandy and he hadn't felt any bad effects. It seemed to shape up this way. We thought that Archer, when he opened the cellar took the poison and added it to the brandy and then put the poison away. But . . . why would he poison himself?"

"To say nothing," Chick interjected, "of the time element!"

"That was a big factor," Nick went on

"The butler said that he was only out of the room about half a minute. I took the trouble of going through the actions that Archer would have had to go through. I opened the combination lock, opened the cellaret, got out the poison bottle, holding it so that no one in the room could see it, dropped some poison in the decanter and came out with the decanter and filled it from the Napoleon brandy bottle.

"Know how long it took me?" Nick asked the members.

"How long?" Beef called out. "A half a minute?"

"Two solid minutes! And the butler swore he hadn't been out of the room more than thirty seconds! Two puzzles. The time element and if Archer was the poisoner, why did he poison himself?"

Beef got to his feet. "You're not tricking me on one that's that easy. Archer isn't the killer! The butler is! He was lying about his boss filling the decanter and the length of time it took. Really the butler loaded the decanter after he poisoned it!" Beef sat down looking pleased with himself.

Nick and Chick exchanged glances. "The same trap we fell into!" Chick said.

"That's very logical Beef, except it's wrong. We thought the butler had to be the killer too. . . ." Nick said.

"So'd the police," Chick said. "Until you cut off one of the killer's finger nails and some of the ends of his hair!"

That did it. Beef sat down looking completely deflated. Finger nails and some hair . . . what could that mean?

Nick picked up the thread of his murder tale. "No, the killer got over subtle which is always a danger. You see, the butler had proof that he was only out of the room for a half a minute at the most. One of the maids was with him while he was in the hall waiting for Archer to call him back to pour.

"Now," Nick held up his fingers, and then bent one down. "First, the toast was a deadly double talk threat. Archer, for business reasons, wanted Court dead. They were partners in this deal and with Court dead, Archer got all the profit.

"When the butler sampled the brandy earlier

it was all right. There was not time for Archer to poison the brandy while Court was in the room. Therefore he poisoned it just before Court got there. Only *he* could have poisoned it for he was home after the butler sampled it. With him home no one else would dare go to the cellaret.

"When I explained the time sequence and the business background to the police they were quite happy. They had the motive, the business, that was the first clue. I had the clue of the toast, although that isn't strong enough for court, then there was the second clue, the time element, which made the case strong enough for the D.A. to take the killer to court."

"That leaves the third clue," Chick grinned.

"Yes," Nick said, "if you can figure out why Archer poisoned himself you'll have the whole case that is going to be tried today."

Beef said, "But why did you cut off Archer's finger nails and some of his hair?"

Nick and Chick stopped in the doorway and they both smiled. "If we told you that, you'd know why Archer took poison himself!" Nick said as they left.

(Do you know why? If you don't, don't fail to read next month's issue of Shadow Comics. The Inner Circle will tell you why Nick collected Archer's finger nails and hair!)

## **DID YOU KNOW?**

In last month's Inner Circle story, The Third Clue, Nick Carter held out on the significance of the last and most important clue. Did you solve it? You remember there were little pieces of blue glass found near a dead man. When the pieces of blue glass were re-constructed it was found that they made a circle like a monocle. Nick told you at the time two clues that lead to the arrest of the murderer, a photographer.

The third clue, the blue monocle, was what convinced a jury that the photographer was guilty. Did you know cameramen use blue glass viewers to look at a scene? The blue glass turns colors into a monochrome of grey, black and white. By using such a monocle a photographer can look at a landscape and see the way it will look in the black and white of the finished picture.



# BING DALGREN

## "BREAKS" THE BALL PARK MYSTERY

ANOTHER THRILLING NEWSPAPER  
ADVENTURE OF THE FAMOUS STAR  
REPORTER OF THE TIMES-NEWS—  
STORY & PICTURES BY THORNTON FISHER



WITH 3 ON,  
THE YOUNG  
"PHENOM" FROM  
IOWA SMASHED  
A DRIVE TO RIGHT  
SCORING 2  
RUNNERS—

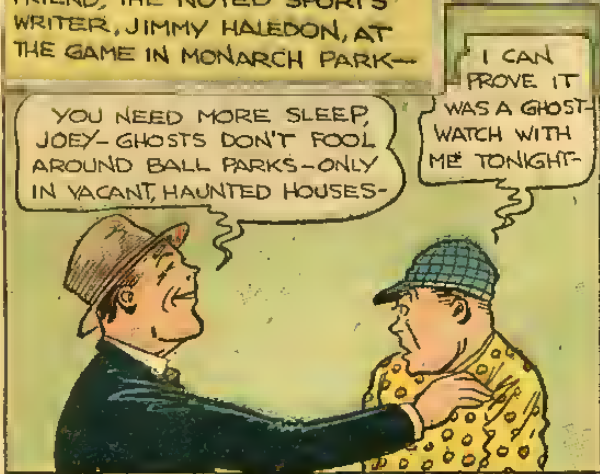
MAYBE YOU'LL THINK  
I'M SEEIN' THINGS, MR.  
DALGREN, BUT I SEEN A  
GHOST IN THE PITCHER'S  
BOX TWO STRAIGHT  
NIGHTS—

WHAT?



BING DALGREN HAD SUBSTITUTED  
THAT AFTERNOON FOR HIS  
FRIEND, THE NOTED SPORTS  
WRITER, JIMMY HALEDON, AT  
THE GAME IN MONARCH PARK—

AS HE WAS LEAVING THE BALL PARK DALGREN  
WAS MOTIONED ASIDE BY ONE OF THE GROUND-  
KEEPERS WHO WHISPERED TO HIM—



YOU NEED MORE SLEEP,  
JOEY—GHOSTS DON'T FOOL  
AROUND BALL PARKS—ONLY  
IN VACANT, HAUNTED HOUSES—

I CAN  
PROVE IT  
WAS A GHOST—  
WATCH WITH  
ME TONIGHT—

DALGREN LAUGHED AT JOEY'S (THE GROUND-  
KEEPER) STATEMENT BUT HE AGREED TO  
JOIN JOEY THAT NIGHT—



I'M  
LOOKING,  
JOEY—

YOU  
LOOK  
NOW!

TOGETHER THE TWO OF THEM SAT IN  
REAR SEATS IN THE GRANDSTAND—  
IT WAS NEARING MIDNIGHT—



THERE, HE IS!

IN THE DISTANCE A BELL STRUCK 12—  
BELOW A MISTY FIGURE IN A BASEBALL  
UNIFORM MOVED TOWARDS THE PITCHER'S MOUND—  
THE FAMOUS REPORTER QUESTIONED HIS OWN EYES—

SLOWLY THE FIGURE RAISED ITS ARMS, BROUGHT THEM TO THE CHEST AND THREW TOWARDS THE PLATE —



THE FIGURE TOSSED THE BALL AGAIN — THIS TIME THE "BATTER" OBVIOUSLY SINGLED TO RIGHT —

THE BALL APPARENTLY WAS RETURNED TO HIM BY AN UNSEEN CATCHER FOR HE SNAGGED IT IN THE PROFESSIONALLY CASUAL STYLE OF THE SKILLED PLAYER —



NOW THE PITCHER STUDIED THE MAN ON FIRST AND THREW THE BALL TO THE "FIRST BASEMAN" TO HOLD THE RUNNER THERE —

NEXT DAY DALGREN CONFERRED WITH HIS MANAGING EDITOR — THE BOSS LAUGHED AT HIS STAR REPORTER —

SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER DALGREN AGAIN SAT IN THE STAND — AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT THE UNIFORMED FIGURE ENTERED THE PITCHER'S BOX — THIS TIME DALGREN GAZED THROUGH HIS FIELD GLASSES AT THE "GHOST" —



THEN BING ASKED JOEY A QUESTION —



IT'S TOMMY GALLAGER—  
TOMMY GALLAGER, THE  
GREAT OLD FIRE-BALL  
PITCHER—THIS DATE IS  
AUGUST 6, 1905—  
IT'S GALLAGER  
I SAW—OR  
GALLAGER'S  
GHOST—



THE FOLLOWING DAY BING  
DALGREN EXPLORED ALL THE  
SPORT FILES IN THE NEWSPAPER  
'MORGUE'—SOON HE EXTRACTED  
SOME OLD CLIPPINGS AND  
PHOTOS—



IT COULD BE  
GALLAGER'S  
GHOST—BUT I  
THINK IT'S OLD TOM,  
HIMSELF—PERHAPS I'D  
BETTER TAKE THE  
CHIEF'S ADVICE AND  
SNATCH A WEEK'S  
REST—

AT HOME DALGREN HELD A CONFERENCE  
WITH HIMSELF—

I WONDER WHAT EVER  
BECAME OF  
TOMMY GALLAGER,  
BOYS—



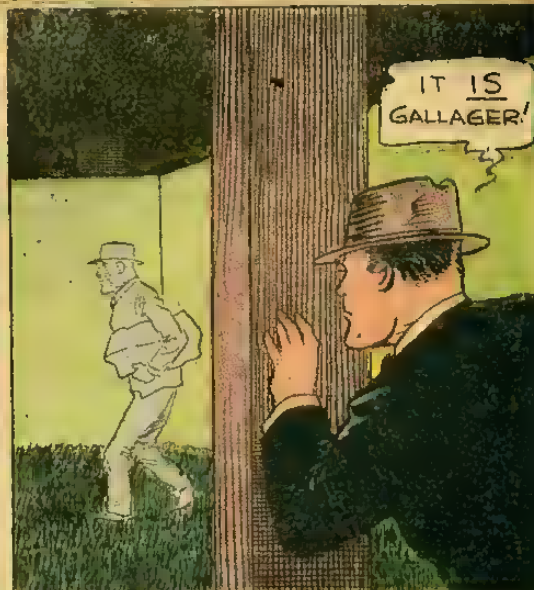
OH, HE'S  
BEEN  
DEAD MANY  
YEARS, BING—



TOMMY  
DISAPPEARED  
SHORTLY AFTER  
HIS RELEASE  
FROM THE  
MONARCHS—



WITHOUT TIPPING HIS HAND, BING TALKED  
WITH SEVERAL MEMBERS OF THE SPORT  
STAFF—



IT IS  
GALLAGER!

THE NEXT NIGHT AT 11:30 DALGREN  
DECIDED TO PATROL THE BALL PARK  
ALONE—WHAT HE SAW ASTONISHED  
HIM—

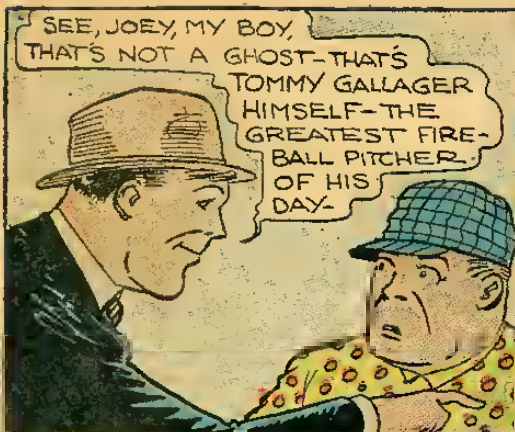


BING WATCHED HIM GO TO A DUG-  
OUT AND CHANGE INTO A BASEBALL UNIFORM—

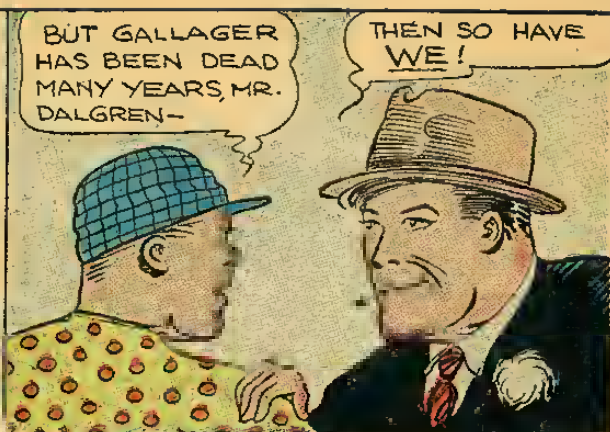


ONCE AGAIN THE OLD FEVER HIT BING—  
HE ED THE PITCHING MOUND—





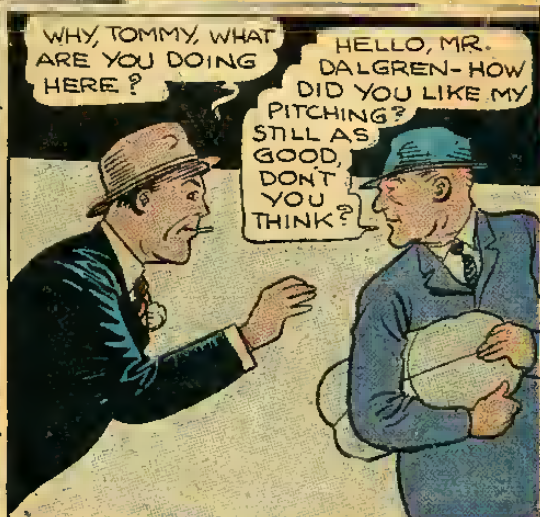
THEN DALGREN SAW JOEY—



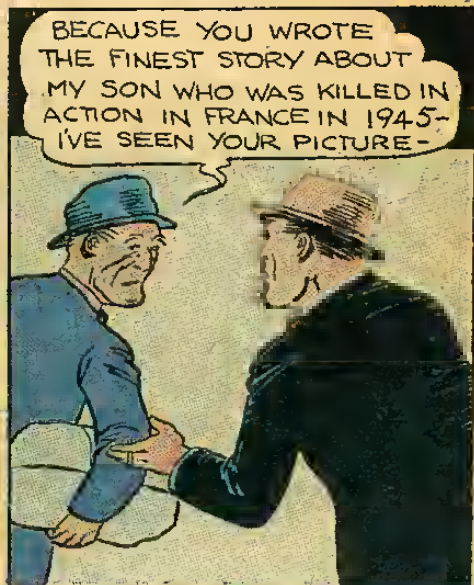
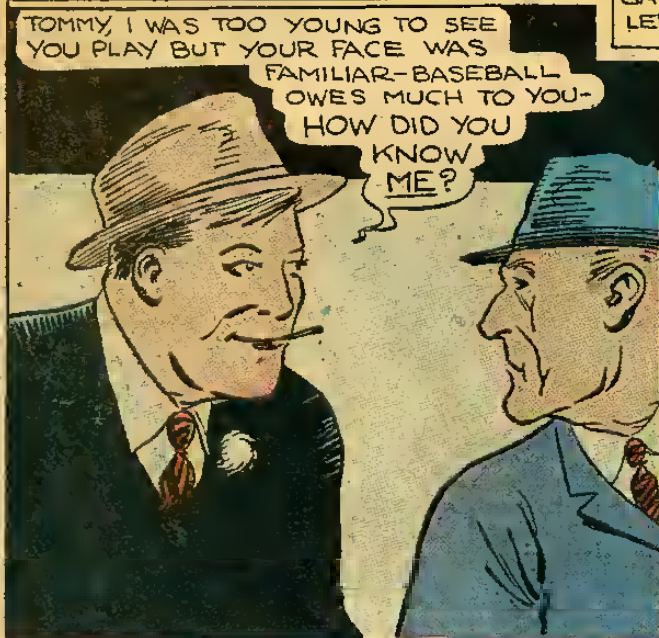
BUT JOEY WAS NOT CONVINCED—



THE CLOCK STRUCK 12 AGAIN—TOMMY GALLAGER PITCHED BEFORE AN INVISIBLE CROWD—WITH AN UNSEEN BASEBALL—



BING DALGREN DISMISSED JOEY AND WAITED AT THE DOOR THROUGH WHICH GALLAGER HAD ENTERED—AS GALLAGER LEFT HE WAS CONFRONTED BY DALGREN—





I DON'T RECALL  
WRITING ABOUT  
A LAD NAMED  
GALLAGER—

NO—HE WENT  
UNDER THE NAME  
OF JERRY SHERIDAN—  
HE WANTED TO SUCCEED  
IN BASEBALL ON HIS OWN  
MERIT AND WAS FAST BE-  
COMING A MONARCH STAR  
PITCHER WHEN  
HE WENT INTO  
SERVICE—

NOT THE JERRY SHERIDAN?  
AND YOU'RE HIS DAD, TOMMY!  
BUT WHY DID YOU COME HERE  
AT NIGHT AND SCARE THE  
WITS OUT  
OF JOEY?

WELL,  
I'LL TELL  
YOU—

TOMMY GALLAGER'S STORY AMAZED DALGREN—

## TOMMY GALLAGER DAY

—AND ON THIS OCCASION,  
TOMMY, THE MONARCHS  
ARE PROUD TO GIVE YOU  
A KEY TO  
THEIR BALL  
PARK—

THANK YOU  
GENTLEMEN—

TOMMY CONTINUED: "WELL, THE OWNERS OF  
THE MONARCHS ONCE PRESENTED ME A  
KEY TO THE BALL PARK FOR WHAT I DID—  
I'D COME IN AT NIGHT AND SEE MYSELF  
IN THE NINTH INNING WITH THE SCORE  
1 TO 1 AND TWO OF THE ENEMY OUT,  
THREE ON BASE AND, THREE BALLS  
AND TWO STRIKES ON THE BATTER—  
JUST LIKE JERRY, MY SON, DID— I COULD  
SEE THE PRESS BOX AND THE CROWD  
AND WELL— WELL, I GUESS I JUST WANTED  
TO BE A HERO AGAIN LIKE JERRY—"

THE FAMOUS FIRE-  
BALL PITCHER,  
TOMMY GALLAGER,  
IS ALIVE...  
FATHER OF JERRY  
SHERIDAN IS FOUND

I'LL  
ALWAYS  
BELIEVE  
IN GHOSTS—

BING DALGREN "SCOOPED" HIS OWN  
SPORT STAFF BY WRITING THE  
STORY OF TOMMY GALLAGER— IT  
HIT THE NATION WITH A BANG—

HI-YA,  
TOMMY!

GRANDSTAND

BING'S STORY GOT TOMMY GALLAGER  
A JOB AT THE MONARCH PARK... NOT  
MUCH OF ONE BUT ENOUGH TO CARE  
FOR THE FAMOUS OLD PLAYER—

ALL NAMES AND CHARACTERS APPEARING  
IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS. ANY  
SIMILARITY TO ACTUAL PERSONS, LIVING  
OR DEAD, IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL—

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MEXICAN *Tee Nee* ORIGINAL  
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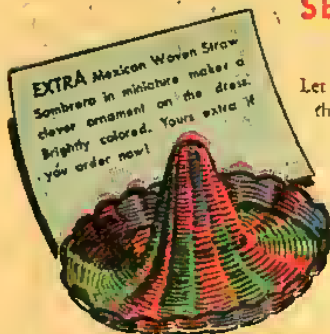
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JUST IMAGINE! MY  
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DRESS! AND IT  
COST ONLY \$5.98  
ISN'T IT SIMPLY  
SUPER...

only  
**\$5.98**  
DUTY  
PAID

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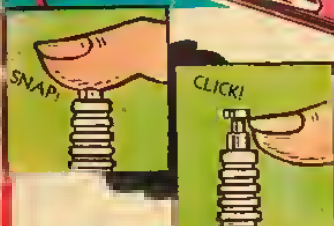
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